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No. 820. LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1843. PRICE FOURPENCE (Stamped Edition, 5d.)

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BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.

The THIRTEENTH MEETING of the BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE, will commence in CORK on THURSDAY Morning, the 17th of AUGUST, 1843.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer.

2, Duke-street, Adelphi.

PUBLIC MEETING.—BRITISH and FOREIGN INSTITUTE.—A PUBLIC MEETING of the FRIENDS of the BRITISH and FOREIGN INSTITUTE will be holden at the Hanover-square Rooms, on the Morning of Thursday, July 20.—Prospectuses of this new literary association may be had of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. 65, Cornhill; Colnaghi & Co. 23, Cockspur-street; and at the Hanover-square Rooms, where platform tickets for members only, and visitors' tickets for ladies and gentlemen, may be had between the hours of Twelve and Four; but none will be issued after the morning of the 19th. The Chair will be taken by the EARL of DEVON at Two o'clock precisely.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1843.

REVIEWS

An Apology for the Revival of Christian Architecture in England. By A. Welby Pugin, Professor of Ecclesiastical Antiquities at St. Marie's College, Oscott. 4to. Weale.

THIS 'Apology' of Mr. Pugin's stands greatly in need of an apology, so arrogantly does the writer set himself up as supreme judge over the whole profession, nay, almost assume to himself the respective functions of judge, advocate, and jury. For advocate he is well qualified, being a dexterous special pleader, and by no means deficient in the art of brow-beating; not so, however, for judge, inasmuch as he is partial and prejudiced,—unless indeed his unqualified reprobation of all modern buildings can be received in proof of impartiality. We must, however, give Mr. Pugin credit for nerve and fearlessness, though not for independence and disinterestedness. Undeniably Mr. Pugin is neither flatterer nor time-server, as regards professional men and their employers: on the contrary, he is at no pains to conceal his contempt for the abilities of the former, and for the judgment of the latter: he is obviously willing, and even eager, to provoke hostility in those quarters,—what then? he attacks those from whom he can expect little, and with whom he has already broken all bonds of amity, when by so doing he strongly ingratiates himself with another class who have ample patronage to bestow, and who are in a manner bound to support him, on account not only of his architectural ability, but of his religious zeal and championship.

His staunch Roman Catholicism, however, interferes not a little with "catholicity" of feeling for art; since he would fain proscribe every other style of architecture but that which he designates "Christian"—though by so doing he anathematizes—at least, must in consistency be supposed to do so—nearly all the modern Christian or Roman Catholic architecture of Roman Catholic countries. That, of course, is a point which he takes care to keep out of sight as much as possible; nor has he the candour to acknowledge that for what has been done towards the "Revival of Christian Architecture," the world is mainly indebted, not to Roman Catholics, but to Protestants,—to Protestant England, Protestant antiquaries and architects. But for them and their labours, no "Revival" would have been heard of at all. Mr. Pugin allows the *animus* of his writings to discover itself too palpably; because not only does he carefully gloss over the "paganism" mixed up with Christian architecture in Roman Catholic countries, but as carefully suppresses whatever would tend to show that his favourite style is understood and appreciated among us Protestants. Surely it would not have been foreign to the purpose of his work had he taken a comprehensive view of what had, up to the present time, been done in this country towards that "Revival" which he preaches up, and shown what progress had been made by us since our first essays in a style of which a few years since we were all but ignorant. Marked and progressive improvement there has been; yet from Mr. Pugin's work no one would suspect such to be the case; consequently, he lays himself open to the charge of disingenuousness, and withal, adopts a singular mode of encouraging us to persevere in the course we have entered upon. According to him—not indeed that he asserts as much in direct terms, but he certainly leaves it to be inferred—we now know very little more of the Pointed style, of its principles and genius, than we did when we first began to resume it;—now, if such be really the case, it becomes a question whether we should not act more wisely in abandoning it altogether. Both in this and other respects Mr. Pugin overshoots his mark: so very anxious is he to convict us of having constructed nothing but monstrosities and absurdities, and to reproach us with decided failures—things universally admitted to be such, and some of them no less obscure than they are contemptible—that he takes no note of anything else. Fain would he make it appear that we have hitherto invariably failed,—that we have not once succeeded in producing what can be fairly set off on the credit side of the account; which is of course no less candid and impartial than it is flattering and encouraging. Mr. Pugin may be a giant in his art, but then he is too much of the Polyphemus species: he has but one eye, and with that he keeps such strict watch for blunders and errors, as to be quite blind to merits, and to the comparatively great progress made of late years. Yet policy no less than fairness might have dictated a different course, for, according to Mr. Pugin, it is somewhat premature for us to think of re-establishing the Pointed style, especially to the extent he proposes, there being at present scarcely an architect among us capable of entering into its spirit, or who has produced a satisfactory specimen of it.

An exception, indeed, is made in favour of Mr. Barry's Houses of Parliament, a structure to which the author of the 'Apology' could not very well avoid referring, since to have passed over that example in utter silence would have been somewhat too glaring an omission: yet that need not have been the only one, nor would it have been beside his purpose had he pointed out one or two instances where the Gothic has been employed, with more or less success, for modern buildings on a moderate scale. Hardly can such a vast and magnificent pile as the Houses of Parliament, where all possible appliances of art will be made use of, be taken as proof of the applicability of the style to general purposes; on the contrary, there is every reason to suppose that were it to be employed on all occasions indiscriminately, as Mr. Pugin recommends, we should have still more wretched specimens—viler attempts, if possible, in it, than any yet produced. There are besides many classes of buildings for which the Pointed style would be quite out of character; consequently to deck them out in Gothic would be merely putting them into masquerade costume. There is a wide difference between adopting the style where it can be applied with propriety and be adequately treated, and attempting to revive it as a national one to the exclusion of every other. However much we may regret that Gothic architecture did not continue in use when it was our national style, and not a mere fashion, it by no means follows that it is expedient, or even practicable, to bring it into use again. The labour would be a double one: there would be quite as much to undo as to do,—to get rid of, clear away and unlearn, as to learn and carry on. Could it be shown that society had stood still,—that the England of the nineteenth century is precisely what it was in the fourteenth or fifteenth,—then indeed there might be some force in the argument that we ought still to adhere to the architecture of our forefathers. But without any disrespect to our forefathers, and the "good old times," it would be idle in us to think of re-adopting the usages and practices of the one, or of reviving the other. Even in these days of invention and discovery, no one has yet found out the art of making nations grow young again. Society is not to be pushed backwards at pleasure like the hands on the face of a clock; be it for good or for evil, its course is invariably onwards: the onwards has sometimes been downwards, but of a backward movement to place itself in a happy *statu quo*, history affords us not a single instance. Granting that it were possible to bring Gothic architecture into universal use again, it would be a mere fashion, and as such it would again pass away.

From what we have said, let it not be supposed that we are insensible to the beauties of "Pointed" architecture, or would fain see that style discouraged among us; on the contrary, we yield not even to Mr. Pugin himself in our admiration of it; and on that very account do we deprecate the indiscriminate use of it. We should be sorry to see it vulgarized among us more than it actually is. Rather let it be reserved for worthy occasions, and then let it be worthily treated. Of its applicability to modern dwelling-houses in towns, and for street architecture generally, Mr. Pugin is so far from convincing us, that the designs intended to illustrate the 'Consistent Principles of Old Domestick Architecture applied to Modern Street Buildings,' make evident its unfitness for the purpose, and point out the difficulties attending the adoption of it: the style looks impoverished and formalized—too much spruced up,—so much so, in fact, that at first we almost mistook them for samples of that modern "Gothicizing" which Mr. Pugin is so severe upon. Some of the details are certainly "queer stuff;" at least appear to be so, owing to the loose, rugged, harsh, and scratchy mode of drawing affected by Mr. Pugin, under pretence, it would seem, of its being more free and spirited, and therefore more artistical. No doubt, freedom and spirit are very desirable qualities, but in architectural drawing intelligibility and correctness of form are a *sine quâ non*. It is all the more extraordinary that Mr. Pugin should now affect such exceedingly vague and coarse drawing and etching, because the 'Gothic Examples,' and other publications of his father, are remarkable for scrupulous accuracy, and at the same time tastefulness of delineation. In fact, it was on that very account that they obtained their high reputation, and have so greatly contributed to advance the study and practice of "Pointed" architecture. Rough, inaccurate representations, which give us only general forms and features, and even in regard to these leave very much to be guessed at, however spiritedly executed, can convey but an imperfect, perhaps an erroneous, idea of buildings, in a style where expression depends so much on the details. How slovenliness of drawing can be esteemed a merit we do not understand: it certainly is not calculated to train the eye to attentive observation of actual buildings and all their nicer lineaments, but rather to encourage similar carelessness and coarseness in execution, and to render us satisfied with obtaining merely the *attitude* of a Gothic building, and its *silhouette*. In Mr. Welby Pugin's own case, there is no danger of his falling into such error; yet the affectation here objected to, may be a dangerous example to others, and, at all events, deprives us of the instruction and gratification we might otherwise derive from his pencil. In his professedly caricature etchings, such drawing may be allowable; but even there Mr. Pugin is apt to exaggerate far more than the occasion justifies—assuredly so, if all he himself says be correct. Plate 4, for instance, gives us one of those architectural jokes in which Mr. Pugin delights—an "Entrance Gateway for a New Cemetery for all Denominations," in a style so *outré* and fantastically absurd, that it makes the greatest monstrosities of the kind appear correct and tasteful in comparison. As a mere joke, it may be funny enough, though somewhat of the

coarsest; but it becomes almost a libel when put forth *ex cathedrâ* by the "Professor at St. Marie's, Oscott," as conveying an idea of the architectural taste and intelligence prevailing among us; and it leaves us, besides, disagreeably perplexed to understand whether the "Professor" is in jest or in earnest, and with what latitude of interpretation we are to receive his strictures upon buildings and personal reflections on individuals. Mr. Pugin's buffoonery—for so we must term it—is rather indiscreet, because it shows that he has been obliged to resort to it, in order to justify the contempt in which he professes to hold almost everything that has been erected of late years. Are we to understand him literally, and as speaking deliberately, when he says, "Within my own recollection [have been erected] three (?) royal palaces, half the metropolis, churches without number, vast restorations, entire colleges in both universities, galleries, civic buildings, bridges, hospitals, houses, public monuments in every possible variety, and with the exception of the New Houses of Parliament, we have not one edifice of the whole number that it is not painful to contemplate as a monument of national art." Admitting such picture of the state of architecture among us to be at all just, it tells quite as much against Mr. Pugin's views as it reflects upon the profession; because, according to his own words, all that has been done in the "Pointed" style—and it has not been a little—has proved just as poor and unsatisfactory as the rest; and yet, with equal modesty and consistency, we are asked to discard henceforth all other styles, and stick to that alone! As to the very sweeping and summary condemnation passed by Mr. Pugin on the architectural doings of the last twenty or thirty years, it amounts to no more than unqualified and indiscriminate abuse.

Had Mr. Pugin not dealt so largely in general invective, some of that directed against individuals would have been more severely felt; whereas, now, the "lecturing" which the Professor at St. Marie's bestows on the Professor at the Royal Academy, may be taken by the latter as a matter of course, and no more than as an educated architect he might reasonably have expected from a presumptuous man with one idea, and a head capable of containing only one idea: but we may leave Mr. Cockerell to defend his own views, should he conceive himself called on to vindicate himself from the aspersions thrown upon him. Even were we to admit that Mr. Cockerell expressed himself somewhat unguardedly on the subject of Gothic Architecture, we should by no means agree with Mr. Pugin, who would confine us to that style, pouring out the vials of his vituperation on every other, as being utterly unfit for us moderns. As, however, we have already hinted, he has failed to show, nor has he attempted to explain, how the "Pointed" style can now be accommodated to public and private buildings of all kinds; yet a little particularity on that head would have been neither superfluous in itself, nor irrelevant from the main object—or what professes to be the main object.

The truth is, Mr. Pugin treats his subject very superficially, and his book is a flimsy one. There is a good deal of flashy frothy declamation, with no little of arrant clap-trap, and that sort of rhodomontade flourishing which passes for argument and eloquence among half-educated people; but though his language flows glibly enough on many topics which he had better have let alone altogether, he seems to be at an ebb both for words and ideas in his professedly architectural remarks—criticism we can hardly call it. Far more to the purpose would it have been, had he spared us his lengthy politico-theological reflections, and made evident to us, that though it was the growth of Ante-Protestant times, the "Pointed" style recommends itself in preference to every other, no less for buildings adapted for Protestant worship, than for such as are intended for the more pompous ceremonials of the Roman Catholic Church. Instead of which, he seeks to recommend that style by assuring us, that it is calculated to revive Catholic feelings in this country. This is surely letting us see *le dessous des cartes* a little too plainly. The revival of Christian Architecture is considered, it would seem, by Mr. Pugin, as a mere step to an ulterior and more important object—the revival of the Roman Catholic religion, which, notwithstanding the noisy babble on the subject, is not likely to happen in this nineteenth century, and we leave the twentieth to answer for itself.

Mr. Pugin's religious zeal is somewhat too obtrusive and indiscreet—so over-acted, in some respects, as to excite suspicion; for he descants with such unction on the externals of Catholic worship, on its church etiquette, and church furniture, that they seem to be uppermost in his thoughts. How far, if at all, his ultra-Catholic zeal is prompted by worldly interests, we do not take upon ourselves to say; but Mr. Pugin has reason to be convinced that Catholicism is decidedly better than Protestantism, since he seems to be church builder in ordinary to all the Catholics throughout the kingdom. His frontispiece exhibits a group of no fewer than twenty-five churches—a perfect conglomeration of towers and spires; and though it looks rather too much like an advertising card of patterns, we must do him the justice to say, that he has not at all flattered his own handiworks; for unless very many degrees better than here represented, some of them must be very strange things indeed—no better than the toy-shop Gothic of chimney-piece ornaments in cardboard. They are, besides, so strangely huddled together, that the plate is apt to provoke some rather irreverent remarks, since it looks very much like a view of the inside of a church-and-spire manufactory. It is well, perhaps, for Mr. Pugin that his professional brethren are a degree less lively and satirical, less addicted to quizzing and caricature, than himself, otherwise they might easily retaliate in kind, and show up both him and his publications after his own fashion, and thus take some of the conceit out of him. That he has a high opinion of himself is evident from the following rhapsodical burst:—"God grant me the means, and I would soon place architectural studies on such a footing, that the glory of these latter days should be even greater than that of the former!" Well, it is some consolation to know, that though all the rest of the profession are arrant blockheads, we have at least one luminary among us, in the Professor at St. Marie's, Oscott; and most comfortable is it to be assured of this on the very best authority—his own.

The Diary of Dr. Thomas Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, commencing August, 1686, and terminating October, 1687. Printed for the Camden Society.

Dr. Thomas Cartwright, promoted by James II. to the episcopal bench, for the zeal with which he preached the courtly doctrines of Passive Obedience and Non-resistance, steadfastly adhered to the fallen fortunes of his master—shared the early exile of James in France, and the campaign in Ireland, where he died, and was buried in Christ-church, Dublin. Cartwright preserved his religion as well as his loyalty; for during his exile he read the English Liturgy in his lodgings to such Protestants as chose to attend; and on his death-bed, in Dublin, he showed an invincible repugnance to the Church of Rome. His fidelity to James has exposed his memory to harsh censure from the advocates of the Revolution; they stigmatize him as a traitor to the Church in which he was a prelate, and a renegade to the principles he was bound to support: the only proof advanced is, that he lived in free communication with the Roman Catholics of his time, particularly those who were about the court; and that he consulted with them on all matters of Church and State with great freedom. The Rev. Editor of the Diary deems such conduct unseemly in a Protestant bishop; but there is no evidence that his consultations had any tendency to injure the English Church, though he probably differed from most of his brethren in the view he took of its true interests. His Diary possesses but little interest, consisting chiefly of hurried memoranda; but we shall select a few of the more remarkable records. The bishop lived in friendly intercourse with the old Catholic families of Cheshire, and, at the instigation of Mr. Massey, who belonged to that religion, interfered to reconcile Sir Thomas Grosvenor and his lady, whose domestic happiness was disturbed by a difference of creed, the lady being as zealous a Catholic as her husband was a Protestant.

"Sir Thomas Grosvenor, Mr. Wilkinson and his friend, and Mr. Kent, dined with me; and in the afternoon Sir Thomas Grosvenor and my Lady discoursed all those matters and causes of difference, and agreed upon these terms, that Mr. M. should come to his house at any time when he was in the country, and be entertained as others; and that if any servants carried any tales between them on either side, they should be turned away; and that no public discourse of religion should be suffered in this house, but my lady be permitted to enjoy hers in private, she not writing to Mr. M. but what, upon request, she should shew to Sir Thomas, and what return he made her; and so Sir Thomas and my lady and Mrs. Rooksby, who, with my wife and daughter Sarah, were auditors of the whole matter, supped together with great satisfaction to all parties."

It was through this lady that the Grosvenor family inherited the large property which they now possess in the city of Westminster; and they have reason to be grateful to Cartwright for preventing the lady from entering a monastery, as she had threatened to do. In the diocese of Chester there still remained some sparks of the old puritanical spirit, which seems to have given the bishop no little trouble: we hear of the congregation of Hulme chapel shutting the doors on the anniversary of the king's accession, and of an uncourtly sermon on "the duty of governors," preached by Mr. Peake, before Lord Clarendon, on his return from Ireland. The bishop's record of his rebuke to Peake is characteristic:—

"Mr. Hancock preached an excellent practical sermon; and he and his wife dined with me and Sir James Poole and much other company, Mr. Davis of Frodsham. At night the Governor and Colonel Daniel brought Mr. Peake to me, who made many frivolous excuses for his indiscretion, of which I gave him a severe admonition, and exhorted him to humility, and told him that I believed my counsel was in vain to a man of such pride of spirit and petulancy as I had found him before to be of, and that I would not have thrown it away upon him but at the persuasion of Mr. Thomas Cholmondeley, who requested me to try him once more, and that if he did amend 'twas beyond my hopes, and that I had withdrawn his license of preaching but for Mr. Cholmondeley's intercession, but upon his amendment he need not despair of my favour."

An instance of puritanical feeling at Northampton, and the amends offered by the mayor, are amusing:—

"I preached and administered the sacrament at Allhallows in Northampton, where they all came up upon my invitation to the altar, who had never done it before, except Mr. Cockeram and Mr. Clarke, the former of which spoke more than became him, and

refused to come up to take satisfaction to his scruple, clapped on his hat and went out:* God forgive him, and bring him into the way of truth. After evening sermon we were treated at Mr. Lovell's, and returned to supper, where we met Mr. King the curate and other friends. After dinner Mr. Mayor and his brethren brought me up a dozen bottles of wine, and returned me thanks for my sermon, and condemned the rudeness and factiousness of Cockeram and Clarke, and desired it might not be imputed to the prejudice of the corporation, who were and always would be ready to conform to all to which the Doctor should invite them."

On his return to London, Cartwright found the Church almost unanimously opposed to the edict of toleration which James had resolved to issue. From the way in which he records his communication with Father Petre, it would seem that he acted as a kind of spy for the court at this crisis:—

"I heard Dr. Stillingfleet at 7 in the morning in the King's chapel, and Dr. Tillotson at 10, upon Moses by faith refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and choosing rather to endure affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; who in the close magnified those who in this hour of temptation stick so close to the Church of England as to choose rather to be God's favourites than the King's, &c. I was at the levee. I dined at the Bishop of Durham's and my son with the Bishops of Rochester and Peterborough, to whom I gave an account of the Sacrament which I delivered at Northampton the Sunday before, and received his thanks for bringing them up to the altar. I went to Sir Edmund Wiseman, returned and found him at my lodgings, who went with my wife and daughter into Hyde Park; and I sought Bishop Labourne; found him not at home, but met the Irish archbishop, with whom I had a long discourse. Saw Mr. Elstob and cousin Fletcher. I discoursed with F. Petre."

In the following extract we have a curious bit of secret history respecting James's "Declaration for Liberty of Conscience." It will be seen that the Bishop of Chester drew up an address of thanks to the King, and that he reported to Bishop Labourne and Father Petre all the difficulties he encountered with his episcopal brethren:—

"I met my Lord President and the Bishops of Durham, Rochester, Peterborough, and Oxon, at my Lord Chancellor's, where he and my Lord President, before dinner, acquainted us that his Majesty expected thanks from us for the care he had of us, and the gracious promises he hath made to protect us in his late gracious declaration; of which I penned the form, and with the Bishop of Oxon subscribed it before dinner, and carried it down to my Lord Chancellor, who after dinner asked the other three to do it, two of which, Rochester and Peterborough, refused till the form of it were something altered, which being done, Durham, Rochester, and I subscribed it; Peterborough desired to deliberate till to-morrow; and we were ordered to meet there again, at 4 in the afternoon for that purpose. Rochester and Peterborough said, they could not but remember how vehemently the King had declared against toleration, and said he would never by any counsel be tempted to suffer it. My Lord President replied: though they could not choose but remember it, yet they might choose whether they might repeat it or not, for other men as well as the King had altered their minds upon new motives. They both extolled the Bishop of London, even to the condemnation of the King. The Bishop of St. David's, Mrs. Elstob, and Sir Thomas Grosvenor came to me at night. My Lord of Durham and I visited Bishop Labourne. —I gave F. P. and the Lord Peterborough an account of yesterday's debate; attended the King at his levee, returned and discoursed [with] Mr. Gatford, dined with the Bishop of St. David's, my wife, son, and daughter at Mr. Rowland's. Went to my Lord Chancellor's, where my Lord President told us the King liked well of our subscriptions, but the Bishop of Peterborough utterly refused to join with us."

Another entry respecting the means employed to obtain the consent of the bishops to the Declaration for Liberty of Conscience, requires a brief remark:—

"Went to the Bishop of Oxon, where I received the Bishop of Lincoln's letter concerning his approbation and promoting the address to the King; which I showed after to his Majesty in his closet, together with another letter from Mr. Massey, both which he highly approved of, and declared that such men as myself, who had always stuck to him, should never want his favour; and that he would take an effectual course to make others weary of their obstinacy. And I advised him to begin with his own household, which he promised to do."

The Bishop of Lincoln, who thus gave in his adhesion to the King's measures, was Dr. Thos. Barlow, who, nevertheless, made no scruple in adhering subsequently to the cause of King William. No one had affected greater anxiety to gratify James; and we find that the Bishop of Chester strongly urged the example of Barlow on the refractory prelates. It appears that he approved of the conduct pursued towards the Fellows of Magdalene College, though he did not, like Cartwright, take any active part as Commissioner. The proceedings of the Commissioners are recorded at some length in the Diary; but nothing is added to the information already before the public.

Change for the American Notes: in Letters from London to New York. By an American Lady. Wiley & Putnam.

THERE is such a challenging tone in the title of this volume, that we took it up with considerable reluctance; but if the work be the production of an American lady, she lacks either the gall or the penetration to repay her European opponents in kind, and does not say half the evil of Englishmen which they say of themselves every day of their public and printing lives. When we question the truthfulness of the title-page, we may perhaps be hypercritical; but we are influenced by the internal evidence of the work itself. Of the facts of the case we know nothing; but most persons, we imagine, on laying down the volume, would agree with us in thinking that it wants the ordinary characteristics of American authorship, and is far too much at home in the forms and fashions of cockney vulgarity, to have been written by a female. In fact, it is as like magazine writing as style and mannerism can make it; and it is pervaded and penetrated in every page with scraps of plays and theatrical allusions, not in the closest keeping with the assumed sex and position of the author.

The letters, accordingly, present a lively surface view of England, as it is seen in the streets and public resorts of the capital, interspersed at intervals with references to acknowledged English absurdities, political seemings, and social hypocrisies, by way of a Roland for Mr. Dickens's Oliver (not Oliver Twist). These hits are truthful in the main, and good to be repeated, so long as one honest man amongst us remains the dupe of the things exposed; but they are wholly insufficient, either in matter or manner, to fill up the canvas, and to make out the effect of the position the writer has assumed.

Another circumstance that adds to the mystification of the reader, is the undetermined position of the author herself. On this point little or nothing is directly said; but we gather that the lady has a friend and countrywoman who goes to court, and (what is more to the purpose) she addresses a correspondent at home who is represented as refined and accomplished. Yet at every page she betrays an acquaintance with situations and circumstances so little in harmony with these pretensions, as, even in her own estimation, to need apology or explanation. Thus she affords us a picture of the interior of a gin palace, prefaced by the statement that she was momentarily its inmate to escape the attacks of an overdriven ox. Notwithstanding her alarm, however, she made the most of her time, as the following extract will show:—

"The places next in splendour to the drapers, are the gin stores. Although spirituous liquors are so much cheaper with us, I believe the places where they are sold are as numerous in London;—over the door is generally a huge lamp; a sign to the customers, and the slaves of the lamp are very, very many in London. The gas is in a wreath, or disposed in some fanciful way or other; they are called gin palaces; the casks containing the spirits are painted, and labelled 'Old Tom,' 'The Rose of Life,' 'Butter Gin,' 'Cream o' the Valley,' 'Mountain Dew,' etc. etc. Cockneys so dearly love the rural, that they must thus libel roses and dews; they must drink pastorally! * * Methinks I see you, O very arch Julia, open your eyes and then your mouth—your eyes with wonder, that I describe these things with the familiarity of an eye-witness, and your mouth with laughter, that my curiosity (how often have you twitted me with it, mischievous that you are) had carried me such extraordinary lengths—that it had carried me into a retail bar! But my introduction to the internal worship of this great spirit—this too powerful spirit of strong drink—was accidental. * * Three poor women of the working class entered this gin palace whilst we waited. 'Please miss,' said one to the smartly ringed and ringleted barmaid, 'a quarten of the right sort, and a three-out.' The spirit was supplied and gulped approvingly. 'Money never was so dull,' said the paymistress of the trio; 'I can get none, and have been forced to put my bed up my uncle's flue.' The hearers were expressing their commiseration of this state of finances, when a drunken butcher rushed into the place, and we thought it better to face the furious brute than the imbruted man, and so left. I requested Mr. Wilderton to translate me the poor woman's speech into English. 'It is English,' laughed he. 'Translate it into American, then.' 'The three-out glass,' he explained, 'is one that contains a third of the measure purchased, so that the quarter of a pint fills *out* three glasses; the uncle's flue, which you seem to think is some chimney in which the untidy woman had concealed her bed, is the pawnbroker's warehouse—the poor call the pawnbroker their uncle.' God pity them, thought I, if they have no better kinsman. British travellers are ingenious in detecting and collecting Americanisms; they are, in nineteen cases out of twenty, 'genuine as imported,' and they are imported from the old country. I suppose we have 'my uncle' and his 'flue' in America by this time."

Accident, indeed, like poverty, may lead even to such strange companionship as this; but no casual study of life could, we imagine, have produced so finished a proficient in London slang as the writer shows herself,—for slang is the great staple of the fun which flavours the whole book. Thus in the midst of some very just though not very novel remarks on English executions, it is said that—

"The body hangs a certain time, and women say 'how shocking,' and men 'how queer' he looks; and boys shout out, 'Did you ever?'—'What a Guy!'—'Does his mother know he's out?' and casts are taken from his skull, and his carcass is buried within the prison walls, and his deeds recorded in cheap pamphlets, for the edification of ingenuous youth."

Again, in illustration of the boys of London (one of the not unfrequent passages in the volume which call up our recollections of *Punch*) we find the following anecdote:—

"A New England gentleman, miraculously thin, though as huge a feeder as Launcelot Gobbo, used to be annoyed incessantly by these puerile pests; the consequences, he said, at one time threatened to be serious, affecting his appetite. 'No go at the butcher's!' said one boy. 'Chops is riz—chops is!' screamed another. A third came close to him, and

* The custom of taking the sacrament kneeling was not generally insisted upon in towns where, like Northampton, there was a strong infusion of Puritan feeling. This was a part of the ritual of the Church of England to which the Puritans had a strong aversion."

said softly, and as if in sympathy, 'I say, sir, there's werry cheap oysters down that 'ere court!"

The coincidences between our humorous friend's sallies and the remarks of the American lady are sometimes direct enough. Thus in the number of *Punch* published last week, there is a pleasant hoax on the picture gallery at the Pantheon Bazaar, which is designated as contrived "for promoting the sale of unsold pictures." Of this place the American lady says (nearly *totidem verbis*):—

"From Soho Square you may walk into long, and straight, and diversely paved Oxford Street—we called at a place called the Pantheon, once a theatre, now a bazaar; but much inferior to the one in Soho Square. There were a great many people sauntering about, and many pictures were hung up for sale, and continued to hang, being seldom sold."

Another characteristic, as we have said, of this volume is its theatrical quotations, precisely those never out of the mouths of farce-writers, or of danglers behind the scenes; and, somehow or other, the theatre is for ever brought forward in illustration or allusion. We are told, for instance, of a "minor-theatre-looking personage," and of Covent Garden and Drury Lane being familiarly termed "the garden" and "the lane"—phrases narrowly confined to theatrical dependants, and the frequenters of cider-cellars, Garrick's Heads, and the public-houses in the vicinity of the theatres.

In dwelling on this view of the work before us, we probably favour its sale, such peculiarities being decidedly popular at present; and we are content to do so: for it would be disgracious on our parts to dispraise the book for not being the thing we deprecate and detest. Had it accorded with its title, and been a really disparaging and insulting view of England, written in revenge of the many unjust and unnecessary attacks made on America by English travellers, it would have been decidedly mischievous. As it is, if we consider it as a genuine American work, it must be regarded as good-tempered and forbearing in its reproaches; and if we take it as of home manufacture, it plays its part according to its conditions, and it will not be without its use, should it meet with one reader who will pause to ask himself what truth there is in its allegations. There is nothing in the work to prevent this inquiry—none of that irritatingly patronizing or objurgating tone with which travellers in America have too frequently blown the coals of national ill-will; and assuredly, should we ever be plunged into a fratricidal war with our own flesh and blood across the water, the British press will share much of the responsibility. Truth there may have been, enough, in some things that have been said; but nations are not monsters, and man, wherever he is found, re-acts upon the circumstances in which he is placed, according to a common law. America has her vices, and England has hers; but in both cases it is the same human infirmity, the same reflections of ignorance and prejudice, upon circumstances ill understood, and therefore insurmountable. Of the prevalent error of attributing all evil things American to democracy, we spoke in our observations on the work of De Tocqueville. The truth is cleverly illustrated in the work before us.

"Mr. Alison has added another name to the distinguished historians to whom Scotland has given birth. What would he *now* think of a French historian, who, writing in 1736, thus spoke of the Porteus execution?—'In the *kingdom* of Scotland the terrible spectacle has been frequently exhibited of late years of persons obnoxious to the majority being publicly hanged from dyers' poles by the people.' * * A philosophic historian, intrenched in his own views of democracy, hesitates not to quote such paragraphs as sufficient authority for a long series of dogmatic dissertations on the evils of republican institutions!

Oh shame! where is thy blush!

* * Could not any one (you, dear Julia, with all your timidity, if you choose to try) do into history such premises and conclusions as these.—History made Easy, thus—or, to speak after the fashion of the day, 'History for the Million,' thus:—'The evils and insecurity of monarchy are palpably evident, and the disloyalty and disaffection of the people of England cannot be doubted. Witness the frequently recurring attempts on the life of the Queen; further comment is needless.' Or thus:—'The appalling progress of crime and violence in this kingdom is but too apparent. We need scarcely allude to the names of Greenacre, Courvoisier, and Good, to show that no one can rest secure from midnight murder and disgusting mutilation.' *Are* the English disloyal? No. *Are* they a nation of murderers? *is* life so unsafe there, that every individual, ere he or she retires to repose, must—

See that the polish'd arms be primed with care,
And drop the night-bolt; ruffians are abroad!

Is this so? Any American child would lisp—no; yet these inferences and conclusions are just as natural and right as those of Mr. Alison."

This is in the best spirit.

Interspersed with the light and desultory matter, may be found occasional remarks of a more reflective character. The truth of the following, perhaps, struck us the more, because the same idea recently occurred to ourselves under the same circumstances:—

"There are a good many monuments in Kensal Green, and the ground is intersected with nice gravel walks, and many well-dressed parties were strolling about (principally ladies) and chatting gaily as they watched the trains rush rapidly along the Great Western Railway—what a distance one hears their clatter! It has been said, 'In the midst of life we are in death;' but here the reverse seemed inculcated, for there were steam-carriages and cheerful idlers, and man's trim and careful hand everywhere, as who should say, 'In the midst of death we are in life.'"

What follows is more acrimonious, but still fair irony:—

"Greatly to my surprise, no fee was exacted as we entered; perhaps, if these death-gardens become fashionable promenades, the proprietors may charge for admittance; there is plenty of precedents—why should *their* monuments be viewed gratuitously? Why should they not sell their fresh air as well as their flowery ground? I think I never told you before, that in all, I suppose in *all*, places like these, as well as in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, etc. etc., are placed a number of painted boards containing respectful requests that the visitors will refrain from plucking the flowers, etc. How is this? Why, in so very civilized—I beg their pardon, so very polished a community, are these constant prohibitions necessary? Recollect, flower-loving but never flower-stealing Julia, the rabble—the mere vulgar, are no frequenters of these scenes."

But we should never finish, were we to point out all our agreements and disagreements with the author. We have said that the work is lively, and (without pausing to identify the colours under which it marches) that in its matter there are some things to be seriously thought about:—as books go, now-a-days, this is praise—and with that we must take our leave.

Letters of Horace Walpole, &c. to Sir Horace Mann. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

The second volume brightens up, and extracts present themselves so copiously, as to make us grudge one unnecessary word. We have passing glimpses of his Majesty of Denmark and the Czarina—we have in reserve a *Petitot*-picture of her Familiar. In the meantime, the reader must put up with a notice of one who was more and less than a Queen, the fair and frail Du Barri:—

"We are in constant expectation of hearing of the Duc de Choiseul's fall. The Comtesse du Barri maintains her ground, and they say will be presented to the Mesdames as soon as the Queen's mourning is over. This decency is delightful! While his wife lived, the King kept his mistresses only; now a new one is not to be declared, while the court still wears black and white silks for the Queen!"

Subsequently he observes,—

"The *grands habits* are made, and nothing wanting for her presentation but—what do you think? some woman of quality to present her. In that servile Court and country, the nobility have had spirit enough to decline paying their court, though the King has stooped *à des bassesses* to obtain it. The Duc de Choiseul will be the victim; and they pretend to say that he has declared he will resign *à l'Anglaise*, rather than be *chassé* by such a creature. His indiscretion is astonishing: he has said at his own table, and she has been told so, 'Madame du Barri est très mal informée; on ne parle pas des catins chez moi.' Catin diverts herself and King Solomon the wise with tossing oranges into the air after supper, and crying, '*Saute, Choiseul! saute, Praslin!*' and then Solomon laughs heartily. Sometimes she flings powder in his sage face, and calls him *Jean Farine!* Well! we are not the foolishest nation in Europe yet!"

The next page gives us a *pendant* in the narrative of Œlia Lœlia Chudleigh's *quasi* marriage with the Duke of Kingston. On the whole, this volume makes us doubt the supremacy of "the good old times," either in politeness or morals. At all events, our St.-Aulaires and Esterhazys do not treat the town with scenes like the following:—

"Choiseul triumphs over us and Madame du Barri—her star seems to have lost its influence. I do not know what another lady will say to Choiseul on the late behaviour of his friend, the Ambassador, here. As the adventure will make a chapter in the new edition of Wiquefort, and, consequently, will strike *you*, I will give you the detail. At the ball on the King's birthday, Count Czernichew was sitting in the box of the Foreign Ministers next to the Count Seilern, the Imperial Ambassador. The latter, who is as fierce as the spread Eagle itself, and as stiff as the chin of all the Ferdinands, was, according to his custom, as near to Jupiter as was possible. Monsieur du Chatelet and the Prince de Masserano came in. Chatelet sidled up to the two former, spoke to them and passed behind them, but on a sudden lifted up his leg and thrust himself in between the two Imperials. The Russian, astonished and provoked, endeavoured to push him away, and a jostle began that discomposed the faces and curls of both; and the Russian even dropped the word *impertinent*. Czernichew, however, quitted the spot of battle, and the Prince de Masserano, in support of the family-compact, hobbled into the place below Chatelet."

A notice or two of Paoli will be acceptable:—

"Paoli is much approved here. The Court have artfully adopted him, and at least crushed one egg on which faction and her brood-hen, Mrs. Macaulay, would have been very glad to have sat. He prefers being well with the government that protects him."

Here we have the portrait of the Corsican. Who can tell how far the northern nature of his physiognomy may have had the attraction of kith and kin to Boswell?—

"Before I receive your answer about him, I must tell you that I have seen your friend Paoli. I found him last week at Court, and could not believe it when I was told who he was. I had stood close by him for some minutes, taking him for an English, or at least, for a Scotch officer. Nobody sure ever had an air so little foreign! He was dressed in scarlet and gold, and the simplicity of his whole appearance had not given me the slightest suspicion of anything remarkable in him. Afterwards, in the circle, as he again stood by me, he asked me some indifferent question, without knowing me. I told him, without naming myself, that you were my particular friend. He said he had written many letters to you, but believed they had all been intercepted. I replied, I would do him justice and tell you so. The King and Queen both took great notice of him. He has just made a tour to Bath, Oxford, &c., and was everywhere received with much distinction; so Mrs. Macaulay, it seems, has not laid him under an interdict."

We do not remember to have had heretofore Walpole's judgment upon "Junius;" his Jere-

miade may be turned to the comfort of those who are fond, at the present day, of descanting on the profligacy of the press:—

"The licentiousness of abuse surpasses all example. The most savage massacre of private characters passes for sport; but we have lately had an attack made on the King himself, exceeding the North Briton. Such a paper has been printed by the famous Junius, whoever he is, that it would scarce have been written before Charles I. was in Carisbrook Castle. The Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland are as little spared; the former for having taken a wife for himself—so says the North Briton; observe, *I* do not say so—and the latter for having taken another man's; for opposite actions are equally criminal in the spectacles of Opposition, the two glasses of which are always made, the one to see black as white, the other white as black, and also both to see that white and black are both black. To be sure, the younger Highness has had the mishap of being surprised, at least *once*, with my Lady Grosvenor, who is actually discarded by her lord. * * Well, we are not singular. Another Junius has appeared in Portugal. There it seems they write satires with a club—the first instance, I suppose, of thrashing a king. His Majesty received two blows on his shoulder and his arm, intended *à la Junienne*, at his head. The Queen instantly called for a gun, to shoot the bruiser herself. 'No,' said the King, 'arrest him.' They tell a melancholy story for the assassin; that, having lost a commission, he gave a memorial to the King, who bade him give it to the Secretary at War, which the poor creature did not think a likely method of redress. He was then prosecuted for not paying his tax out of nothing. Despair carried him to the fountain head; yet I doubt M. d'Eyras will discover a plot, and lop some more noble heads. I have often said, and oftener think, *that this world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel*—a solution of why Democritus laughed and Heraclitus wept. The only gainer is history, which has constant opportunities of showing the various ways in which men can contrive to be fools and knaves."

In the fulness of our optimism, too, we will put the following choice paragraph in testimony against certain recent bankruptcy trials, to show how little the morals of our aristocracy have deteriorated:—

"The gaming at Almack's, which has taken the *pas* of White's, is worthy the decline of our Empire, or Commonwealth, which you please. The young men of the age lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in an evening there. Lord Stavordale, not one-and-twenty, lost eleven thousand there, last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard: he swore a great oath,—'Now, if I had been playing *deep*, I might have won millions.' His cousin, Charles Fox, shines equally there and in the House of Commons. He was twenty-one yesterday se'nnight; and is already one of our best speakers. Yesterday he was made a Lord of the Admiralty. We are not a great age, but surely we are tending to some great revolution."

A word or two on the question of economy:—

"What do you think of a winter-Ranelagh erecting in Oxford Road, at the expense of sixty thousand pounds? The new bank, including the value of the ground, and of the houses demolished to make room for it, will cost three hundred thousand; and erected, as my Lady Townley says, *by sober citizens too!* I have touched before to you on the incredible profusion of our young men of fashion. I know a younger brother who literally gives a flower-woman half a guinea every morning for a bunch of roses for the nosegay in his button-hole. There has lately been an auction of stuffed birds; and, as natural history is in fashion, there are physicians and others who paid forty and fifty guineas for a single Chinese pheasant: you may buy a live one for five. After this, it is not extraordinary that pictures should be dear. We have at present three exhibitions. One West, who paints history in the taste of Poussin, gets three hundred pounds for a piece not too large to hang over a chimney. He has merit, but is hard and heavy, and far unworthy of such prices. The rage to see these exhibitions is so great, that sometimes one cannot pass through the streets where they are. But it is incredible what sums are raised by mere exhibitions of anything; a new fashion, and to enter at which you pay a shilling or half-a-crown. Another rage, is for prints of English portraits: I have been collecting them above thirty years, and originally never gave for a mezzotinto above one or two shillings. The lowest are now a crown; most, from half a guinea to a guinea. Lately, I assisted a clergyman in compiling a catalogue of them; since the publication, scarce heads in books, not worth threepence, will sell for five guineas. Then we have Etruscan vases, made of earthenware, in Staffordshire, from two to five guineas; and *or moulu*, never made here before, which succeeds so well, that a tea-kettle, which the inventor offered for one hundred guineas, sold by auction for one hundred and thirty. In short, we are at the height of extravagance and improvements, for we do improve rapidly in taste as well as in the former. I cannot say so much for our genius. Poetry is gone to bed, or into our prose; we are like the Romans in that too. If we have the arts of the Antonines,—we have the fustian also."

By way of illustration to the above, we may give the account of a masquerade, to which Walpole dragged himself, of course "for the sake of the children":—

"It is very lucky, seeing how much of the tiger enters into the human composition, that there should be a good dose of the monkey too. * * Our civil war has been lulled asleep by a subscription-masquerade, for which the House of Commons literally adjourned yesterday. Instead of Fairfaxes and Cromwells, we have had a crowd of Henry the Eighths, Wolseys, Vandykes, and Harlequins; and because Wilkes was not mask enough, we had a man dressed like him, with a visor, in imitation of his squint, and a Cap of Liberty on a pole. In short, sixteen or eighteen young lords have given the town a masquerade; and politics, for the last fortnight were forced to give way to habit-makers. The ball was last night at Soho; and, if possible, was more magnificent than the King of Denmark's. The bishops opposed: he of London formally remonstrated to the King, who did not approve it but could not help him. The consequence was, that four divine vessels belonging to the holy fathers, alias their wives, were at this masquerade. Monkey again! A fair widow, who once bore my whole name, and now bears half of it, was there, with one of those whom the newspapers call *great personages*—he dressed like Edward the Fourth, she like Elizabeth Woodville in grey and pearls, with a black veil. Methinks it was not very difficult to find out the meaning of those masks. As one of my ancient passions, formerly, was masquerade, I had a large trunk of dresses by me. I dressed out a thousand young Conways and Cholmondeleys, and went with more pleasure to see them pleased than when I formerly delighted in that diversion myself. It has cost me a great headache, and I shall probably never go to another. A symptom appeared of the change that has happened in the people. The mob was beyond all belief: they held flambeaux to the windows of every coach, and demanded to have the masks pulled off and put on at their pleasure, but with extreme good-humour and civility. I was with my Lady Hertford and two of her daughters, in their coach: the mob took me for Lord Hertford, and huzzaed and blessed me! One fellow cried out, 'Are you for Wilkes?' another said, 'D—n you, you fool, what has Wilkes to do with a masquerade?' * * There was a stroke of the monkey last night that will sound ill in the ears of your neighbour the Pope. The heir-apparent of the House of Norfolk, a drunken old mad fellow, was, though a Catholic, dressed like a cardinal: I hope he was scandalized at the wives of our bishops."

We promised our readers a peep at the Czarina's coadjutor. Here then is her portrait: no *Liotard*, but a bright characteristic *Sir Joshua*—as all who remember Miss Wilmot's amusing memoirs will attest:—

"Who do you think is arrived? The famous Princess Daschkaw, the Czarina's favourite and accomplice, now in disgrace—and yet alive! Nay, both she and the Empress are alive! She has put her son to Westminster school. The devil is in it, if the son of a conspiratress, with an English education, does not turn out a notable politician. I am impatient to get well, or at least hope she may stay till I am, that I may see her. Cooled as my curiosity is about most things, I own I am eager to see this amazon, who had so great a share in a revolution, when she was not above nineteen. I have a print of the Czarina, with Russian verses under it, written by this virago. I do not understand them, but I conclude their value depends more on the authoress than the poetry. One is pretty sure what they do not contain—truth. Adieu. * * Well, I have seen the Princess Daschkaw, and she is well worth seeing—not for her person, though, for an absolute Tartar, she is not ugly: her smile is pleasing, but her eyes have a very Catiline fierceness. Her behaviour is extraordinarily frank and easy. She talks on all subjects, and not ill, nor with striking pedantry, and is quick and very animated. She puts herself above all attention to dress, and everything feminine, and yet sings tenderly and agreeably, with a pretty voice. She, and a Russian lady who accompanies her, sung two songs of the people, who are all musical; one was grave, the other lively, but with very tender turns, and both resembling extremely the Venetian barquerolles. She speaks English a little, understands it easily: French is very familiar to her, and she knows Latin. When the news of the naval victory over the Turks arrived at Petersburgh, the Czarina made the archbishop mount the tomb of Peter the Great, and ascribe the victory to him as the founder of the Marine. It was a bold *coup de théâtre*, and Pagan enough. The discourse, which is said to be very elegant, the princess has translated into French, and Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, is to publish it in English. But, as an instance of her quickness and parts, I must tell you that she went to a Quaker's meeting. As she came away, one of the women came up to her, and told her she saw she was a foreigner, that she wished her much prosperity, and should be very glad if anything she had seen amongst them that day should contribute to her salvation. The Princess thanked her very civilly, and said, 'Madame, je ne sçais, si la voye de silence n'est point la meilleure façon d'adorer l'Etre Supreme.' In short, she is a very singular personage, and I am extremely pleased that I have seen her. Adieu."

We must end—at least, for the present. These letters are like the Sibylline leaves, precious as being the last. Have we no Walpoles among us, taking notes for the comfort and enrichment of generations yet unborn?

The War of the Sicilian Vespers; or, an Epoch in Sicilian History during the Thirteenth Century—[*La Guerra, &c.*] By M. Amari. 2nd edit. 2 vols. Paris, Baudry.

SHUT out from the field of political discussion, and closely cribbed and cabined within the *cordon sanitaire* of the Catholic Church, the young Italians have thrown themselves upon general literature, as a channel for venting their free thoughts; and have sought, in the past more especially, an indirect way of communicating impressions, of which the present was the occasion and the end. This is the key to the histories and romances which have, of late, appeared from beyond the Alps, all more or less calculated to awaken the slumbering intellects of the particular readers to whom they are addressed, and to redeem them from the thraldom of a curtailed system of public education. How far the present work is entitled to the praise or blame of this *arrière pensée* we shall not inquire; but, if the foreign journals are to be trusted, its author narrowly escaped the penalties incurred by all who presume to think and to speak out their thoughts under a despotic government. According to those authorities, it appears that Signor Amari's work having, by some accident, failed to attract any preliminary notice from the Neapolitan government, had, on the publication of the first edition at Palermo, acquired such a reputation for successful historical research, as to lead some enthusiastic person, having official access, to propose the author as a fit subject for encouragement and reward. Attention having been thus excited, the government examined into the matter, and

the result was, that the patron was desired to recall home his young friend (then out of the kingdom). Amari, it is stated, obeyed the call, and was actually on his way to the steam-boat, when a friendly and timely admonition informed him that punishment, and not reward, awaited his arrival within the Neapolitan jurisdiction.

The sum of offence which drew down the anger of the Neapolitan court (if the story be true), is, perhaps, contained in the choice of subject. The epoch selected for illustration by Sig. Amari is the revolution which redeemed Sicily from a foreign yoke, heavy in proportion to the unbridled passions and barbarous contempt of laws then universal in Europe. It will not readily be perceived what interest an Italian government can feel in concealing transactions nearly six hundred years past, nor in hiding from its citizens the crimes and the horrors of a foreign invasion. The most jealous censors, it might be thought, could have afforded to pass by an exposure of these things. But the revolution was a popular revolution, and may have been deemed bad as an example to the modern Sicilians. The work treats also of the intrigues and *mondanités* of Popes; but above all, in narrating facts, backed by documental evidence, the author has not spared those moral reflections, without which history is dry, barren, and profitless. Judged by the canons of criticism which prevail in England or in France, there is nothing in the volumes which should give offence—nothing that transcends the honest frankness of a writer, with whom morality is not a jest, or human happiness beneath regard. But this is a point with which (Heaven be praised) an English critic has nothing to do. It is enough for us to notice the appearance of a work of no common merit, on a theme which, though somewhat remote from English historical associations, is not without considerable interest. The revolution, of which the Sicilian Vespers was the incident that best maintains its recollection among ordinary readers, is in truth a remarkable episode in the story of the European struggle between the people and their feudal oppressors, and a striking illustration of the energies latent in the most depressed and degraded populations,—energies that are, perhaps, never more likely to burst forth, than when they are most disregarded and despised. The distinctive circumstance in this narrative is, that it sets on one side much of the romance of the story of John of Procida; and attributes the revolution less to foreign intrigues, than to the force of events acting upon a despairing and prepared people.

In favour of this opinion there is much general probability; and if the author takes a higher view of the Sicilian character in those days, than accords with ordinary belief, the reader should recollect that Sicily took an early lead in the restoration of literature and the arts; and by its vicinity to the East, was favourably placed for receiving the lights reflected from Constantinople and from the Arabian Moslem.

The work, as first published, was comprised in a single volume; but the author, on visiting Paris, discovered, among the MSS. of the Royal Library, a number of documents throwing light on the incidents of his narrative: with these and other aids he has corrected and enlarged the whole; and it has been thought worthy to take rank among the present publisher's "Collection of the best Italian Authors."

The Attaché; or Sam Slick in England. By the Author of 'The Clockmaker.'

[Second Notice.]

WE last week published a pleasant letter from our friend the Clockmaker—we beg pardon, from "the Honourable Mr. Slick, Attaché of the American Legation to the Court of Saint Jimses' Victoria"—and we had hoped on this occasion to have introduced him formally to our readers. But he is not in a humour to admit of these small ceremonials. Dickens, it appears, has put his dander up, and he has taken Cooper's hint, and comes in 'a billigerent' humour. In proof, we will refer to a scene on board the packet, just before landing, where a hint was given him by Mr. Poker that he was not exactly in the right temper to visit England:—

"'What is the temper,' he replied, with much warmth, that they visit us in? Look at Dickens; was there ever a man made so much of, except La Fayette? And who was Dickens? Not a Frenchman that is a friend to us, not a native that has a claim on us; not a colonist, who, though English by name is still an American by birth, six of one and half a dozen of t'other, and therefore a kind of half-breed brother. No! he was a cussed Britisher; and what is wus, a British author; and yet, because he was a man of genius, because genius has the 'tarnal globe for its theme, and the world for its home, and mankind for its readers, and bean't a citizen of this state or that state, but a native of the univarse, why we welcomed him, and feasted him, and leveed him, and escorted him, and cheered him, and honoured him, did he honour us? What did he say of us when he returned? Read his book. No, don't read his book, for it tante worth readin'. Has he said one word of all that reception in his book? that book that will be read, translated, and read agin all over Europe—has he said one word of that reception? Answer me that, will you? Darned the word, his me ory was bad; he lost it over the tafrail when he was sea-sick. But his note-book was safe under lock and key, and the pigs in New York, and the chap the rats eat in jail, and the rough man from Kentucky, and the entire raft of galls emprisoned in one night, and the spittin' boxes and all that stuff, warn't trusted to memory, it was noted down, and printed. But it tante no matter. Let any man give me any sarce in England, about my country, or not give me the right *po*-sition in society, as Attaché to our Legation, and, as Cooper says, I'll become belligerent, too, I will, I snore. I can snuff a candle with a pistol as fast as you can light it; hang up an orange, and I'll first peel it with ball and then quarter it. Heavens! I'll let daylight dawn through some o' their jackets, I know. 'Jube, you infarnal black scoundrel, you odoriferous nigger you, what's that you've got there?' 'An apple, massa.' 'Take off your cap and put that apple on your head, then stand sideways by that port-hole, and hold steady, or you might stand a smart chance to have your wool carded, that's all.' Then taking a pistol out of the side-pocket of his mackintosh, he deliberately walked over to the other side of the deck, and examined his priming. 'Good heavens, Mr. Slick!' said I in great alarm, 'what are you about?' 'I am goin',' he said with the greatest coolness, but at the same time with equal sternness, 'to bore a hole through that apple, Sir.' 'For shame! Sir,' I said. 'How can you think of such a thing? Suppose you were to miss your shot, and kill that unfortunate boy?' 'I won't suppose no such thing, Sir, I can't miss it. I couldn't miss it if I was to try. Hold your head steady, Jube—and if I did, it's no great matter. The onsarcumcised Amalikite ain't worth over three hundred dollars at the furthest, that's a fact; and the way he'd pyson a shark ain't no matter. Are you ready, Jube?' 'Yes, massa.' 'You shall do no such thing, Sir,' I said, seizing his arm with both my hands. 'If you attempt to shoot at that apple, I shall hold no further intercourse with you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Sir.' 'Ky! massa,' said Jube, 'let him fire, Sar; he no hurt Jube; he no foozle de hair. I isn't one mossel afeerd. He often do it, jist to keep him hand in, Sar. Massa most a grand shot, Sar. He take off de ear ob de squirrel so slick, he neber miss it, till he go scratchin' his head. Let him appel hab it, massa.' 'Oh, yes,' said Mr. Slick, 'he is a Christian is Jube, he is as good as a white Britisher: same flesh, only a leetle, jist a leetle darker; same blood, only not quite so old, ain't quite so much tarter on the bottle as a lord's has; oh him and a Britisher is all one brother—oh by all means—

Him fader's hope—him mudder's joy,
Him darlin little nigger boy.

You'd better cry over him, hadn't you. Buss him, call him brother, hug him, give him the 'Abolition' kiss, write an article on slavery, like Dickens; marry him to a white gall to England, get him a saint's darter with a good fortin, and we'll soon see whether her father was a talkin' cant or no, about niggers. Cuss 'em, let any o' these Britishers give me slack, and I'll give 'em cranberry for their goose, I know. I'd jump right down their throat with spurs on, and gallop their sarce out.'"

After this the reader will not be surprised at the following character of Englishmen, which, if not true, is a gem in its way:—

"'Hallo! what's that? why if it ain't land ahead, as I'm alive!' said Mr. Slick. 'Well, come this is pleasant too, we have made amost an everlastin' short voyage of it, ante we; and I must say I like land quite as well as sea, in a giniral way, arter all; but, Squire, here is the first Britisher. That critter that's a clawin' up the side of the vessel like a cat, is the pilot: now do for goodness gracious sake, jist look at him, and hear him.' 'What port?' 'Liverpool.' 'Keep her up a point.' 'Do you hear that, Squire? that's English, or what we used to call to singing school short metre. The critter don't say a word, even as much as "by your leave"; but jist goes and takes his post, and don't ask the name of the vessel, or pass the time o' day with the Captin. That ain't in the bill, it tante paid for that; if it was, he'd off cap, touch the deck three times with his forehead, and "*Slam*" like a Turk to his Honour the Skipper. There's plenty of civility here to England if you pay for it: you can buy as much in five minits, as will make you sick for a week; but if you don't pay for it, you not only won't get it, but you get sarce instead of it, that is if you are fool enough to stand and have it rubbed in. They are as cold as Presbyterian charity, and mean enough to put the sun in eclipse, are the English. They hante set up the brazen image here to worship, but they've got a gold one, and that they do adore and no mistake; it's all pay, pay, pay; parquisite, parquisite, parquisite; extortion, extortion, extortion. There is a whole pack of yelpin' devils to your heels here, for everlastinly a cringin', fawnin' and coaxin', or snarlin', grumblin' or bullyin' you out of your money. There's the boatman, and tide-waiter, and porter, and custom-er, and truck man as soon as you land; and the sarvant-man, and chamber-gall, and boots, and porter again to the inn. And then on the road, there is trunk-lifter, and coachman, and guard, and beggar-man, and a critter that opens the coach door, that they calls a waterman, cause he is infarnal dirty, and never sees water. They are jist like a snarl o' snakes, their name is legion and there ain't no eend to 'em.'"

We have not often stumbled on a more pithy description of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, than Mr. Slick has recorded from the lips of "an old critter to Halifax":—

"He said he could tell a man's politicks by his shirt. 'A Tory, Sir,' said he, for he was a pompious old boy was old Blue-Nose; 'a Tory, Sir,' said he, 'is a gentleman every inch of him, stock, lock, and barrel; and he puts a clean frill shirt on every day. A Whig, Sir,' says he, 'is a gentleman every other inch of him, and he puts an onfrilled one on every other day. A Radical, Sir, ain't no gentleman at all, and he only puts one on of a Sunday. But a Chartist, Sir, is a loafer; he never puts one on till the old one won't hold together no longer, and drops off in pieces.'"

The Attaché, on his arrival, of course paid a visit to Abednego Layman, the American Minister—"the Socdolager," as he calls him. Perhaps our readers may desire to know what is a Socdolager:—

"The Socdolager is the President of the lakes—he is the whale of the intarnal seas—the Indgians worshipped him once on a time, as the king of fishes. He lives in great state in the deep waters, does the old boy, and he don't often show himself. I never see'd him myself, nor any one that ever had sot eyes on him; but the old Indgians have see'd him and know him well. He won't take no bait, will the Socdolager; he can't be caught, no how you can fix, he is so 'tarnal knowin', and he can't be speared nother, for the moment he sees aim taken, he ryles the water and is out of sight in no time. *He* can take in whole

shoals of others hisself tho' at a mouthful. He's a whapper, that's a fact. I call our Minister here 'the Socdolager,' for our *di*plomaters were never known to be hooked once yet, and actilly beat all natur' for knowin' the soundins, smellin' the bait, givin' the dodge, or rylin' the water; so no soul can see thro' it but themselves. Yes, he is 'a Socdolager,' or a whale among *di*plomaters."

The account of the visit will remind the reader of recent events at Oxford :—

"'Sam Slick,' sais he, 'as I'm alive. Well, how do you do, Mr. Slick? I am 'nation glad to see you, I affection you as a member of our legation. I feel kinder proud to have the first literary man of our great nation as my Attaché.' 'Your knowledge of human natur ('added to your'n of soft sawder,' sais I,) 'will raise our great nation, I guess, in the scale o' European estimation.' He is as sensitive as a skinned eel, is Layman, and he winced at that poke at his soft sawder like any thing, and puckered a little about the mouth, but he didn't say nothin', he only bowed. He was a Unitarian preacher once, was Abednego, but he swapt preachin' for politics, and a good trade he made of it too; that's a fact. 'A great change,' sais I, 'Abednego, since you was preachin' to Connecticut and I was a vendin' of clocks to Nova Scotia, ain't it? Who'd a thought then, you'd a been "a Socdolager," and me your "pilot fish," eh!' It was a raw spot, that, and I always touched him on it for fun. 'Sam,' said he, and his face fell like an empty puss, when it gets a few cents put into each cend on it, the weight makes it grow twice as long in a minute. 'Sam,' said he, 'don't call me that arc, except when we are alone here, that's a good soul; not that I am proud, for I am a true Republican;' and he put his hand on his heart, bowed and smiled handsum, 'but these people will make a nickname of it, and we shall never hear the last of it; that's a fact. We must respect ourselves, afore others will respect us. You understand don't you?' 'Oh, don't I,' sais I, 'that's all? It's only here I talks this way, because we are at home now; but I can't help a thinkin' how strange things do turn up sometimes. Do you recollect, when I heard you a-preachin' about Hope a-pitchin' of her tent on a hill? By gosh, it struck me then, you'd pitch your tent high some day; you did it beautiful.' • • 'Hope,' sais he, 'is the attribute of a Christian, Slick, for he hopes beyond this world; but I changed on principle.' 'Well,' sais I, 'I changed on interest; now if our great nation is backed by principal and interest here, I guess its credit is kinder well built.'"

Mr. Slick found time hang heavily on his hands. He complains bitterly of our late hours and nothing to do :—

"You can't get out a bed afore twelve, in winter, the days is so short, and the fires ain't made, or the room dusted, or the breakfast can't be got, or sumthin' or another. And if you did, what's the use? There is no one to talk to, and books only weaken your understandin', as water does brandy. They make you let others guess for you, instead of guessin' for yourself. Sarvants spile your habits here, and books spile your mind. I wouldn't swap ideas with any man. I make my own opinions, as I used to do my own clocks; and I find they are truer than other men's. The Turks are so cussed heavy, they have people to dance for 'em; the English are wus, for they hire people to think for 'em. Never read a book, Squire, always think for yourself. Well, arter breakfast, it's on hat and coat, ombrella in hand, (don't never forget that, for the rumatiz, like the perlice, is always on the look out here, to grab hold of a feller,) and go somewhere where there is somebody or another, and smoke, and then wash it down with a sherry-cobbler; (the drinks ain't good here; they hante no variety in them nother; no white-nose, apple-jack, stone-wall, chain-lightning, rail-road, hail-storm-ginsling-talabogus, switchel-flip, gum-ticklers, phlem-cutters, juleps, skate-iron, cast-steel, cock-tail, or nothin', but that heavy stupid black fat porter.)"

That magic word "dinner" introduces us to a *lively* description of a dinner-party :—

"Folks are up to the notch here when dinner is in question, that's a fact, fat, gouty, broken-winded, and foundered as they be. It's rap, rap, rap, for twenty minutes at the door, and in they come, one arter the other, as fast as the sarvants can carry up their names. Cuss them sarvants! it takes seven or eight of 'em to carry a man's name up stairs, they are so awful lazy, and so shocking full of porter."

Mr. Slick found that it was not always pleasant to be a "lion" :—

"When I first came I was nation proud of that title, 'the Attaché;' now I am happified it's nothin' but 'only an Attaché,' and I'll tell you why. The great guns, and big bugs, have to take in each other's ladies, so these old ones have to herd together. Well, the nobodies go together too, and sit together, and I've observed these nobodies are the pleasantest people at table, and they have the pleasantest places, because they sit down with each other and are jist like yourself, plaguy glad to get some one to talk to. Somebody can only visit somebody, but nobody can go anywhere, and therefore nobody sees and knows twice as much as somebody does. Somebodies must be axed, if they are as stupid as a pump; but nobodies needn't, and never are, unless they are spicy sort o' folks, so you are sure of them, and they have all the fun and wit of the table at their eend, and no mistake. I wouldn't take a title if they would give it to me, for if I had one, I should have a fat old par-blind dowager detailed on to me to take in to dinner; and what the plague is her jewels and laces, and silks and sattins, and wigs to me? As it is, I have a chance to have a gall to take in that's a jewel herself—one that don't want no settin' off, and carries her diamonds in her eyes, and so on."

The Attaché's first dinner-party commenced somewhat unfortunately :—

"Lord, the first time I went to one o' these grand let offs I felt kinder skerry, and as nobody was allocated to me to take in, I goes in alone, not knowin' where I was to settle down as a squatter, and kinder lagged behind; when the buttler comes and rams a napkin in my hand, and gives me a shove, and sais he, 'Go and stand behind your master, sir,' sais he. Oh Solomon! how that waked me up. How I curled inwardly when he did that. 'You've mistaken the child,' sais I mildly, and I held out the napkin, and jist as he went to take it, I gave him a sly poke in the bread-basket, that made him bend forward and say 'eugh.' 'Wake Snakes and walk your chalks,' sais I, 'will you?' and down I pops on the first empty chair. Lord, how white he looked about the gills arterwards; I thought I should a split when I looked at him. Guess he'll know an Attaché when he sees him next time. Well, there is dinner. One sarvice of plate is like another sarvice of plate, any one dozen of sarvants are like another dozen of sarvants, hock is hock, and champaigne is champaigne—and one dinner is like another dinner. The only difference is in the thing itself that's cooked. Veal, to be good, must look like anything else but veal; you mustn't know it when you see it, or it's vulgar; mutton must be incog. too; beef must have a mask on; any thin' that looks solid, take a spoon to; any thin' that looks light, cut with a knife; if a thing looks like fish, you may take your oath it is flesh; and if it seems rael flesh, it's only disguised, for it's sure to be fish; nothin' must be nateral, natur is out of fashion here. This is a manufacturin' country, every thing is done by machinery, and that that ain't must be made to look like it; and I must say, the dinner machinery is parfect. Sarvants keep goin' round and round in a ring, slow, but sartain, and for ever, like the arms of a great big windmill, shovin' dish after dish, in dum show, afore your nose, for you to see how you like the flavour; when your glass is empty it's filled; when your eyes is off your plate, it's off too, afore you can say Nick Biddle. Folks speak low here; steam is valuable, and noise onpolite. They call it a '*subdued tone*.' Poor tame things, they are subdued, that's a fact; slaves to an arbitrary tyrannical fashion that don't leave 'em no free will at all."

It is difficult to say which is best, Sam's sense or nonsense. The following is a hint to a Colonial Secretary at Downing Street :—

"'Your long acquaintance with the provinces, and familiar intercourse with the people,' sais he, 'must have made you quite at home on all colonial topics.' 'I thought so once,' sais I; 'but I don't think so now no more, Sir.' 'Why how is that?' sais he. 'Why, Sir,' sais I, 'you can hold a book so near your eyes as not to be able to read a word of it; hold it off further, and get the right focus, and you can read beautiful. Now the right distance to see a colony, and know all about it, is England. Three thousand miles is the right focus for a political spy-glass. A man livin' here, and who never was out of England, knows twice as much about the provinces as I do.' 'Oh, you are joking,' sais he. 'Not a bit,' sais I. 'I find folks here that not only know everything about them countries, but have no doubts upon any matter, and ask no questions; in fact, they not only know more than me, but more than the people themselves do, what they want. It's curious, but it's a fact.'"

A truce for a moment to jest, even when it carries with it a wholesome moral, and let us hear what Mr. Hopewell, "the minister," has to say on this subject :—

"England, besides other outlets, has a never-failing one in the colonies, but the colonies have no outlet. Cromwell and Hampden were actually embarked on board of a vessel in the Thames, for Boston, when they were prevented from sailing by an Order in Council. What was the consequence? The sovereign was dethroned. Instead of leading a small sect of fanatical puritans, and being the first men of a village in Massachussets, they aspired to be the first men in an empire, and succeeded. So in the old colonies. Had Washington been sent abroad in command of a regiment, Adams to govern a colony, Franklin to make experiments in an observatory like that at Greenwich, and a more extended field been opened to colonial talent, the United States would still have continued to be dependencies of Great Britain. There is no room for men of talent in British America; and by not affording them an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, or rewarding them when they do, they are always ready to make one, by opposition. In comparing their situation with that of the inhabitants of the British Isles, they feel that they labour under disabilities; these disabilities they feel as a degradation; and as those who impose that degradation live three thousand miles off, it becomes a question whether it is better to suffer or resist."

Here is Sam's opinion on the same subject, in an imaginary conversation with Lord Stanley :—

"Says you, 'My Lord—don't forget his title—every man likes the sound of that, it's music to his ears, it's like our splendid national air, Yankee Doodle, you never get tired of it. 'My Lord,' sais you, 'what do you suppose is the reason the French keep Algiers?' Well, he'll up and say, its an outlet for the fiery spirits of France, it gives them employment and an opportunity to distinguish themselves, and what the climate and the inimy spare, become valuable officers. It makes good soldiers out of bad subjects. 'Do you call that good policy?' sais you. Well, he's a trump, is Mr. Stanley, at least folks say so; and he'll say right off the reel 'onquestionably it is—excellent policy.' When he says that, you have him bagged, he may flounder and spring like a salmon jist caught; but he can't out of the landin' net. You've got him, and no mistake. Sais you 'what outlet have you for the colonies?' Well, he'll scratch his head and stare at that, for a space. He'll hum and haw a little to get breath, for he never thought of that afore, since he grow'd up; but he's no fool, I can tell you, and he'll out with his mould, run an answer and be ready for you in no time. He'll say, 'They don't require none, Sir. They have no redundant population. They are an outlet themselves.' Sais you, 'I wasn't talking of an outlet for population, for France or the provinces nother. I was talking of an outlet for the clever men, for the onquiet ones, for the fiery spirits.' 'For that, Sir,' he will say, 'they have the local patronage.' 'Oh!' sais you, 'I warn't aware, I beg pardon, I have been absent some time, as long as twenty days or perhaps twenty-five, there must have been great changes, since I left.' 'The garrison,' sais you. 'Is English,' sais he. 'The armed ships in the harbour?' 'English.' 'The governor and his secretary?' 'English.' 'The principal officer of customs and principal part of his deputies?' 'English.' 'The commissariat and the staff?' 'English to a man.' 'The dockyard people?' 'English.' 'The postmaster giniral?' 'English.' 'What, English?' sais you, and look all surprise, as if you didn't know. 'I thought he was a colonist, seein' the province pays so much for the mails.'

'No,' he'll say, 'not now; we have jist sent an English one over, for we find its a good thing that.' 'One word more,' sais you, 'and I have done. If your army officers out there, get leave of absence, do you stop their pay?' 'No.' 'Do you sarve native colonists the same way?' 'No, we stop half their salaries.' 'Exactly,' sais you, 'make them feel the difference. Always make a nigger feel he is a nigger, or he'll get sassy, you may depend.'"

We are accustomed, and we think not unreasonably, to admire our country life; not so the Attaché:—

"'Here,' said Mr. Slick, 'is an invitation for you and me, and minister to go and visit Sir Littleeared Bighead, down to Yorkshire. You can go if you like, and for once, p'raps it's worth goin' to see how these chaps first kill time, and then how time kills them in turn. Eatin', drinkin', sleepin', growlin', fowlin', and huntin' kills time; and gout, apoplexy, dispepsy, and blue devils kills them.'"

A "*swoi-ree*" is a picture to the life:—

"I wish to goodness you'd go to a Swoi-ree oncet, Squire, jist oncet—a grand let off, one that's upper crust and rael jam. It's worth seein' oncet jist as a show, I tell *you*, for you have no more notion of it than a child. All Halifax, if it was swept up clean and shook out into a room, wouldn't make one swoi-ree. I have been to three to-night, and all on 'em was mobs—regular mobs. * * My first party to-night was a conversation one; that is for them that *could* talk; as for me I couldn't talk a bit, and all I could think was, 'how infarnal hot it is!' * * 'Very good, Mr. Slick. Let me introduce you to ——,' they are whipt off in the current, and I don't see 'em again no more. 'A beautiful show of flowers, Madam, at the garden: they are all in full blow now. The rhododendron—— had a tooth pulled when she was asleep.' 'Please to let me pass, Sir.' 'With all my heart, Miss, if I could; but I can't move; if I could I would down on the carpet, and you should walk over me. Take care of your feet, Miss, I am off of mine. Lord bless me! what's this? why as I am a livin' sinner, it's half her frock hitched on to my coat button. Now I know what that scream meant.' 'How do you do Mr. Slick? When did you come?' 'Why I came—' he is turned round, and shoved out o' hearin.' 'Xanthian marbles at the British Museum are quite wonderful; got into his throat, the doctor turned him upside down, stood him on his head, and out it came—his own tunnel was too small.' 'Oh, Sir, you are cuttin' me.' 'Me, Miss! Where had I the pleasure of seein' you before, I never cut a lady in my life, couldn't do so rude a thing. Haven't the honour to recollect you.' 'Oh, Sir, take it away, it cuts me.' Poor thing, she is distracted, I don't wonder. She's drove crazy, though I think she must have been mad to come here at all. 'Your hat, Sir.' 'Oh that cussed French hat is it? Well, the rim is as stiff and as sharp as a cleaver, that's a fact, I don't wonder it cut you.' 'Eddis's pictur—capital painting, fell out of the barge, and was drowned.' 'Having been beat on the shillin' duty; they will attach him on the fourpence, and thimble rigg him out of that.' 'They say Sugden is in town—hung in a bad light at the Temple Church.'——'Who is that?' 'Lady Fobus; paired off for the Session; Brodie operated.'—— Lady Frances; got the Life Guards; there will be a division to night.'——'That's Sam Slick; I'll introduce you; made a capital speech in the House of Lords, in answer to Brougham—Lobelia—voted for the bill—The Duchess is very fond of —— Irish Arms—'"

Here is a portrait of an American Elder—a reminiscence of Mr. Slick's:—

"As I was a joggin' on along the road, who should I overtake but Elder Stephen Grab, of Beech-meadows, a mounted on a considerable of a clever-lookin' black mare. The Elder was a pious man; at least he looked like one, and spoke like one too. His face was as long as the moral law, and p'rhaps an inch longer, and as smooth as a hone; and his voice was so soft and sweet, and his tongue moved so ily on its hinges, you'd a thought you might a trusted him with ontold gold, if you didn't care whether you ever got it agin or no. He had a bran new hat on, with a brim that was none of the smallest, to keep the sun from makin' his inner man wink, and his go-to-meetin' clothes on, and a pair of silver mounted spurs, and a beautiful white cravat, tied behind, so as to have no bows to it, and look meek. If there was a good man on airth, you'd a said it was him. And he seemed to feel it, and know it too, for there was a kind of look o' triumph about him, as if he had conquered the Evil One, and was considerable well satisfied with himself."

But we must come to a close, and cannot do so better than with one of Sam's short but pertinent reflections:—

"It don't do to say you don't know, it lowers you in the eyes of other folks. If you don't know what another man knows he is shocked at your ignorance. But if he don't know what you do, he can find an excuse in a minute. Never say you don't know."

Perhaps, in conclusion, we ought to offer a few words of general criticism; but, in truth, it matters not what may be the opinion of the critics—Sam is a favourite, and deservedly so: whether we pronounce the work to be good, bad, or indifferent, everybody will read it, and they ought. Sam is always amusing, and often instructive; but there was an easy familiarity about the Clockmaker—a bold daring, too, which is not quite so apparent in the Attaché. The author has seen much of England, and noted much that he has seen; yet the book is, after all, more to be admired for manner than matter. It penetrates but little below the surface, and leaves much unnoticed. He seemingly writes under a restraint of which there is no trace in his former works—which has withheld him from raising a laugh at many time-honoured absurdities, simply because they are time-honoured. We, however, are in no humour to be critical, and though we could wish that so much had not been left undone, we will very heartily return thanks for what has been done, in jest and in earnest, by the Attaché.

Meredith. By the Countess of Blessington. 3 vols. Longman & Co.

The novelists have of late shown strange signs of deserting their posts—octavos or otherwise, as may be. Sir Edward Bulwer has fairly turned his back upon us, in 'The Last of the Barons.' The glories of Windsor Castle seem to have exhausted Mr. Ainsworth. Captain Marryat's yarns are apparently all spun out. Mrs. Gore has not displayed her usual sprightly and saucy skill for an unheard-of time, six months or thereabouts:—while Mrs. Trollope, since her diamond robbery in 'Hargrave,' has, we presume, absconded; for her 'Barnabys in America' is no longer to be heard of in the *New Monthly;* and as for her 'Jessie Phillips,' we have come to the conclusion that it is a pleasant fiction of the advertisers, since we have never encountered the damsel in library, private or circulating, or even seen her portrait tempting us from shop window. Only Mr. James works on with undiminished industry and success. Under such prospects of destitution, all who still love vicissitude, or speculation, or scene-painting, in three volumes, will thank Lady Blessington. Her hand has lost none of its cunning by the rest with which it has been recently indulged—her new tale has at least as many requisites for popularity as its predecessors.

The form is autobiographical, Lady Blessington's favourite manner of narration, because it enables her to lay bare the secret thoughts of her heroes and heroines in a manner unattainable in dialogue, where only half the truth is spoken and the rest intimated. But there is more of incident, and less of speculation than usual. We begin with the sequel to a love-marriage: a home made melancholy by an indifferent and faithless husband, and a suffering and uncomplaining wife. The calamities occasioned by the infidelity of the former speedily bring this scene to a close, and the curtain rises upon a new group, the principal figure of which is Meredith's guardian, a selfish Epicurean, who fancies he lives by his physician's mandate, while he is really governed by his appetite and his valet. Lord Lymington, however, has not a long lease in Meredith's history, for his own rod whips him to death; and then we see the harpies, chuckling over his remains and their own ill-gotten wealth! So much for the life which is familiar to us; the rest of the tale is more romantic. Meredith goes to Italy with his tutor, and rescues from the hands of evil-doers at La Cava as fair a heroine "as one could hope to see on a summer's day." As a foil to her, we have one of those good-hearted, ridiculous French governesses, with whom Lady Blessington delights to divert herself with the *savoir vivre* and sentiment of our neighbours past Calais. Many and dark are the mysteries which are interposed betwixt the fair girl and the hero; not the least important actor in these being a pragmatical Sicilian wine-merchant, who forgets every one's name, and everything save his own interest, and whom the reader should have seen, not heard of, were space more plentiful. Towards the close of the romance, old shapes and personages are brought forward with dramatic cleverness. Lady Blessington is too kind-hearted to send the reader weeping to her bed:—having satisfied, in the 'Victims of Society,' that necessity for tragic composition, which some have said must with every author be assuaged; she here betakes herself, like a good fairy, to smooth away obstacles, to untie knots, to bring in the right persons at the right juncture, not forgetting a charming and noble pair who claim Selina, the heroine, as their child, and to shower every blessing of fortune and affection on those she has protected. Would that the real solution of human suspense were as perfect to a wish as this *dénouement!* But gentle readers will like the novel none the less for the gorgeous prosperity which surrounds its *dramatis personæ* as they vanish from sight.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, by John Kitto, Parts I. II.—There has been, since the days of Calmet, so much investigation and research in the field of Biblical Literature, that his valuable work is much behind the present state of our knowledge. This Cyclopædia is intended to supply the deficiency, and is, we think, likely, in a great measure, to do so. The articles, many of them contributed, it is understood, by distinguished Biblical critics—as, for instance, Drs. Neander, Pye Smith, Tholuck, Professor Royle, and others—are clearly and carefully written, explaining almost too minutely every point that can at all be said to bear on Biblical Literature. Its plan extends to Biblical criticism and interpretation, history, geography, archæology, and physical science. It is illustrated with wood-cuts, and being printed in the same size and manner as the Dictionary of Classical Antiquities, will form a sort of companion volume. The work is only just commenced, but we have little doubt, from the specimen before us, that it will be a valuable acquisition to the student. When his Hebrew and Greek Lexicons fail him, it will supply the deficiency, by entering into questions on the meaning of words in particular passages, which would not fall within the province of ordinary lexicons. Although much of the information is necessarily drawn from German critics, the work does not appear at all tainted with neologian views, and would not, we think, offend the most orthodox or exclusive.

A Tract upon Tombstones, with Illustrations, by F. E. Paget, M.A.—A pamphlet of suggestions for improving our tombstone monuments both in beauty and orthodoxy. We can sympathize with Mr. Paget in his disgust at the nonsense and the monumental uglinesses which disgrace our churches and churchyards. His suggestions are mostly good, and many of them might be adopted with advantage.

Letters from the Virgin Islands: illustrating Life and Manners in the West Indies.—There must be something peculiar in the air of the West Indies provocative of facetious affectation in authorship; at least we remember half-a-dozen Sketches, Rambles and Reminiscences, in which the above peculiarity of style mars the pleasantness and the *vraisemblance* of description. Nor is the volume before us an exception; quotations, sentimental rhapsodics, personal allusions to anonymous correspondents, are to be found in every page, till we sigh for a plain paragraph. This is the more to be regretted, as the writer is not altogether barren, nor is his book a chronicle wholly without interest; but his folly so constantly perks itself into notice, that we cannot prevail upon ourselves to introduce him to our readers.

Legendary Rhymes, and other Poems, by M. A. E. Charnock.—The gentle dealing of the critic is bespoken for this little volume, on a plea which is not to be resisted. It contains the literary remains of a deceased wife—offered by her husband "rather as memorials of the departed" than as having any very high intellectual pretensions. The love that somewhat overrates, even while disclaiming, is a feeling too sacred for criticism to cavil at, and sheds a poetry over the volume from itself: and, while we hold the opinion that such "memorials" are not properly for the public, we can believe with the editor, that they "will be read with affectionate interest," in the "circle of friends."

The Foil: an Historical Poem, in Three Cantos, by R. Hughman.—A very ominous name for an author to give to his own poem:—and may have arisen, in this case, from an instinct of appreciation which we feel no disposition to gainsay.

Gathered Leaves, by James A. Page.—To this "Undergraduate of Trinity College, Dublin," we can promise no degree in the Colleges of the Muses. Our advice to him would be, to "take his name off the *books*." The *Foil* system, suggested by Mr. Hughman's volume, might, however, be successfully practised by this author, in the circulation of the volume, by "an Undergraduate of Oxford," which is entitled *Charles XII.: an Incapacitated Poem, on One of the Newdigate Prize Subjects: with (expletively) Sundry Metrical Puerilities.*—The first of these poems, the author says, "was *incapacitated* by a rule which renders ineligible the essays of candidates who have exceeded a certain term of residence at the University:" we can assure him, that it has some very excellent incapacities of its own, which make it quite independent of any such rule. As for the remaining titles, the *puerilities* are fully established, but the author has failed to make them *metrical*.

The Homilies of Ælfric, with an English Translation, by B. Thorpe.—This work is published under the auspices of the Ælfric Society,—a society instituted for the publication of literary remains illustrative of Anglo-Saxon and early English History and Philology. The Society has commenced with the homilies of the Anglo-Saxon church, of which a considerable number are ascribed to the Prelate by whose name the Society is distinguished. These homilies, for the correct translation of which Mr. Thorpe's name is sufficient guarantee, are interesting to all, from their simplicity, and not unworthy the attention of the clergy.

The Order of Daily Service—the Litany: and Order of the Administration of the Holy Communion, with Plain Tune, **according to the use of the United Church of England and Ireland.**—This edition of the Prayer-book will throw the Low Church party into paroxysms. A more papistical-looking volume never issued from a Protestant press. There are crosses on the title-page, red letters interspersed among the Gothic type to an alarming amount, plain song printed with the text as plentifully as though the book were a choir-book for Treves or Freyburg minster. The result is a splendid volume. With regard to the nature and extent of its influences upon the devotional spirit of the Church of England, we are thankful to leave the matter to the controversialists.

Report of the Geology of the County of Londonderry, and of parts of Tyrone and Fermanagh, by J. E. Portlock.—This Report, although occupying a very large volume, is but a small part of what was at first undertaken in connexion with the Ordnance survey of Ireland. It was proposed by Col. Colby to Sir H. Hardinge "that the Topographical survey should be considered a foundation for Statistical, Antiquarian, and Geological surveys." In the Geological branch alone do these inquiries appear at first to have been prosecuted, and even in this but imperfectly. "Geology," as Mr. Portlock says in his preface, "had been in fact permitted, not commanded." About the year 1832, however, all the branches were in some measure resumed, and Mr. Portlock succeeded Captain Pringle in the superintendence of the work; and in 1834 contributed to the Memoir of Londonderry (see No. 410) the sections on Geology, Natural History and Productive Economy. In 1837 the author turned his attention more exclusively to the Geological department, and for this purpose established at Belfast a Geological and Statistical office, a museum for Geological specimens, and a laboratory for the examination of soils. In 1840, however, the design of continuing the Londonderry survey was abandoned, and the office at Belfast broken up; and the author directed to prepare for publication such geological data as had been collected. Finding, however, "that geological researches could not be confined within territorial boundaries," he was obliged to extend them into the neighbouring counties of Tyrone and Fermanagh. The result is now before us; and a very able and comprehensive work it is, of great value to geological science, and the concluding portion on *economic geology* not without interest, even to the general reader.

The Guide to Hayling.—We collect from this little work, that Hayling is an island situated on the coast of Sussex, between Chichester and Portsmouth: that it is "a sweet place," "extremely beautiful," "a little Paradise," "very similar to the Bay of Naples," and so flat, that "it is free from all damp;" even "fogs and mists" will not rest on it, which "is to be accounted for from its low position!" Hayling possesses "few antiquities, and those comparatively of modern date;" we have, however, a view of an "old barn," and an account of "a rookery," and are informed, that "almost in the immediate neighbourhood" (certainly not more than six or eight and twenty miles distant) are the Roman remains at Bignor—"the Tomb at Avisford Hill" (within five-and-twenty)—Chichester Cathedral, Porchester Castle, and Lord Halifax's "Folly"—we beg pardon, "Monument,"—(not more than from twelve to eighteen), and there is a coach which runs every day through Havant, which brings Portsmouth within sixteen miles. It is "regretted, that Hayling is so little known to the medical profession," for "the climate is so mild," that "greenhouse plants grow in the open air," and "the sea-poppy upon the bare shingle," and so healthy that the only "medical man" has been heard to say, that even invalids do not require his attendance. "The watering-place at Hayling is rather a quiet retreat, than a scene of life and bustle;" so quiet, indeed, that "children may there run wild on Nature's carpet, free from all interruption and danger, with little or no care to those who have charge of them." For "the studious," there is "the library," which is described as a chaste building; and for the invalid, "the bath house," "in front of which are machines for those who prefer the embraces of Father Neptune," and "for all, there is the instructive amusement of a cosmorama." If, after this, men will not live in "Paradise," and live for ever, it must be their own fault; there is Hayling soliciting them, and Mr. Furner of the "Royal Hotel and Family Boarding House" ready to receive them.

Pictoral History of England.—The character of this work has been considered, at length, in former numbers of this journal; so that we have now only to announce that the third volume is complete, and brings down the history to 1801.

List of New Books.—Cæsar, with Vocabulary, Notes and Map, by W. M'Dowall, 12mo. 3*s.* roan.—The Edinburgh Sessional School Collection, 11th edit. 2*s.* 6*d.* bd.—L'Abbe Fleury's Ecclesiastical History, Vol. II., from A.D. 400 to A.D. 429, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Newman's (Rev. J. H.) Essay on the Miracles, 8vo. 5*s.* swd.—Luther, or the Spirit of the Reformation, a Poem, by Rev. R. Montgomery, 3rd edit. 12mo. 5*s.* cl.—The Second Coming, the Judgment, and the Kingdom of Christ, being Lectures delivered during Lent, 1843, by Twelve Clergymen of the Church of England, 12mo. 7*s.* cl.—Shiloh's Sceptre, or the Signs of the Times, in Connexion with the Pre-Millennial Reign of Christ, by Rev. Thomas Watson, M.A., fc. 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Bradley's Sacramental Sermons, 2nd edit. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Calvin on Reforming the Church, 18mo. 3*s.* cl.—Morris's (Rev. J. B.) Prize Essay on Conversion of Learned and Philosophical Hindus, 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—The Thirty-Nine Articles explained, by Rev. J. F. Dimock, M.A., Vol. I., 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—The Pulpit, Vol. XLIII., 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Personal Recollections, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 2nd edit. 12mo. 6*s.* cl.—Felix de Lisle, a Tale, by Ann Flinders, 2nd edit. 16mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Memorial of the Royal Progress in Scotland, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, demy 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* cl.; large paper, royal 4to. 4*l.* 4*s.* cl.—The Illustrated Edition of Windsor Castle, by W. H. Ainsworth, containing 120 plates and wood-engravings by George Cruikshank, &c., 1 vol. 8vo. 14*s.* cl.—Oakleigh, or the Minor of Great Expectation, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—The New Purchase, or Seven Years and a Half in the Far West, by R. Carlton, Esq., 2 vols. post 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—Dr. Olin's Travels in the East, 2 vols. 8vo. 18*s.* cl.—The Rector in Search of a Curate, post 8vo. 9*s.* cl.—The Pageant, by Rev. F. E. Paget, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Early Years and Late Reflections, by C. Carlyon, M.D., 2 vols. post 8vo. 16*s.* cl.; ditto, Vol. II., separate, post 8vo. 8*s.* cl.—Princes' Parallel History of the World, Vol. III., 2nd edit. 8vo. 21*s.* cl.—Valpy's Cornelius Nepos, with English Notes, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.* cl.—French Reading Lessons, by Professor J. Sauer, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—A Treatise on the Greek Verb, by L. Junius, 8vo. 9*s.* cl.—The Mock Manual for the use of Farmers, by F. Falkner, Esq., 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Family Secrets, by Mrs. Ellis, 3 vols. 8vo. 36*s.* cl.; ditto, Vol. III., separate, 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—Venice, by L. Price, 26 plates, imperial folio, 4*l.* 4*s.* hf-bd.—The Rhine, by Victor Hugo, with illustrations by Delamotte, 12mo. 4*s.* cl.—History of the War in Affghanistan, edited by Charles Nash, Esq., post 8vo. 12*s.* cl.—Personal Observations on Sindh, with a map and 14 illustrations, by Capt. T. Postans, 8vo. 18*s.* cl.—Excursions, Adventures, and Sports in Ceylon, by Lieut.-Col. James Campbell, 2 vols. 8vo. 36*s.* cl.—The Young Maiden, by A. B. Muzzey, 12mo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Foreign Library, Part IX., 'Austria, by Kohl, Part II.' 8vo. 5*s.* swd.—Foreign Library, Vol. IV., 'Kohl's Austria,' complete, 8vo. 11*s.* cl.—The Songs of Charles Dibdin, with Memoir of the Author, by G. Hogarth, royal 8vo. 10*s.* cl.—The Music of Dibdin's Songs, with Pianoforte accompaniments, royal 8vo. 15*s.* cl.—Farnham's Travels in the Rocky Mountains, complete, 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Prayers in Secret, by Mrs. R. L. Hopper, 18mo. 2*s.* cl.—Manzoni, I Promessi Sposi, new edit. 2 vols. royal 18mo. 7*s.* swd.—Wordsworth's Guide to the Lakes, 2nd edit., by J. Hudson, 12mo. 5*s.* cl.—Scudamore (Sir C.) on the Water-Cure, 8vo. 4*s.* cl.

THE LAST FRIENDS.

One of the United Irishmen, who lately returned to his country, after many years of exile, being asked what had induced him to revisit Ireland when all his friends were gone, answered, "I came back to see the mountains."

I come to my country, but not with the hope
That brightened my youth like the cloud-lighting bow,
For the vigour of soul that seemed mighty to cope
With Time and with Fortune, hath fled from me now;
And Love, that illumined my wanderings of yore,
Hath perished, and left but a weary regret
For the star that can rise on my midnight no more—
But the hills of my country they welcome me yet!

The hue of their verdure was fresh with me still,
When my path was afar by the Tanais' lone track;
From the wide-spreading deserts and ruins, that fill
The lands of old story, they summoned me back;
They rose on my dreams through the shades of the West,
They breathed upon sands which the dew never wet,
For the echoes were hushed in the home I loved best—
But I knew that the mountains would welcome me yet!

The dust of my kindred is scattered afar,
They lie in the desert, the wild, and the wave,
For serving the strangers through wandering and war,
The isle of their memory could grant them no grave.
And I, I return with the memory of years,
Whose hope rose so high though in sorrow it set;
They have left on my soul but the trace of their tears—
But our mountains remember their promises yet!

Oh, where are the brave hearts that bounded of old,
And where are the faces my childhood hath seen?
For fair brows are furrowed, and hearts have grown cold,
But our streams are still bright and our hills are still green;
Aye, green as they rose to the eyes of my youth,
When brothers in heart in their shadows we met;
And the hills have no memory of sorrow or death
For their summits are sacred to liberty yet!

Like ocean retiring, the morning mists now
Roll back from the mountains that girdle our land;
And sunlight encircles each heath-covered brow
For which Time hath no furrow and tyrants no brand:
Oh, thus let it be with the hearts of the isle,
Efface the dark seal that oppression hath set;
Give back the lost glory again to the soil,
For the hills of my country remember it yet!

FRANCES BROWN.

June 16th, 1843.

THE CARTOON EXHIBITION.

WE resume our notice of the Cartoons at the prize design of *Joseph of Arimathea converting the Britons* (70), by Mr. Parris. Here is a work which will surprise all who only know the artist by his contributions to 'Books of Beauty,' and such gossamer publications. Mr. Parris, however, could not at once, and for the occasion, invigorate his style; and accordingly we have here displayed, on a large scale, his arabesque prettiness, making the work resemble the design for a rich carpet rather than the decoration of an august building. The treatment is facile, but the effect feeble. The Saint is too compassionate; the "gentle hermit" of a melodrama, rather than the awful messenger of divine truth; the Britons are too meek, one only excepted,—we mean the discomfited Priest of the Druids, who looks on with a grin of mockery. The best of the figures is the kneeling, fair-haired convert, in which we encounter our artist on his own ground.

The *Boadicea* of Mr. Selous (78)—another prize cartoon—is theatrical and meretricious, but displays a bold hand and a fluent fancy. In the midst stands the warrior Queen, (her outraged daughters languishing at her feet,) in countenance, form, and attitude, reminding us so closely of Schröder-Devrient, as to suggest the idea of unconscious reminiscence on the part of the artist. Her appeal is kindling, as though it were a quick flame, the indignation of the hundreds heaped around her; to the left a phalanx of arms is thrown up in eager response, which recalls the great choral effect in the Drury Lane pictures from 'Acis and Galatea,' while the knot of interclasped figures, behind the crouching Eve-like female, is as curiously intricate as the coil of serpents round an antique vase or the fruit-garlands on a frieze. The style may be bad, and the drawing open to objections, but the handling is clever, and there are many parts worthy of attentive examination. Another *Boadicea* (74) has also some merit.

Nothing can be more opposite in spirit from the above than Mr. Townsend's *Fight for the Beacon* (128). This composition is cleverly built up, the story at once vigorously told, and a central point of interest asserted. Some bold foreshortening compensates (if we may thus strike a balance) for some defective anatomy: for the sake of the figure precipitated over the parapet in the foreground, we will forgive the preternaturally short arms of the buccaneer, the central figure of the human pyramid. We must, however, object to the dead or wounded man, on the right of the drawing, precipitated from the beacon height,—a confused mass of limbs and clothes hard to comprehend. Unfortunately, the attempt here made at extreme and perilous attitudes, recalled to us that miracle of audacity, the 'St. Marc' of Tintoretto, in the Academia at Venice. But to test Mr. Townsend's force and originality more fairly, we ought, perhaps, to compare his cartoon with such a monstrosity as *Drake on the Quarter-deck* (130), a Pandemonium of diabolical lay figures broken loose, exciting, nevertheless, more diversion than terror.

Queen Eleanor saving the Life of her Husband (111) is by Mr. Severn, and not equal, we think, to some former designs by the same artist,—his 'Dragon of the Apocalypse,' 'The Ancient Mariner,' or the 'Crusaders.' It has, however, suffered great injury from the charcoal lines being, in several parts, almost effaced, the central stooping figure, which is the key of the *chiaroscuro*, being thus rendered vexatiously feeble. Still, all due allowance being made for this accident, the chief interest and beauty of the design reside in the subordinate figures. The attendant women, on both sides, are most graceful; and the faces of some among the rugged mailed men so strongly touched by pity and anxiety, that we returned to them again and again from the central group.

Only one more prize cartoon remains to be noticed —Mr. Bell's *Cardinal Bourchier and the Dowager Queen of Edward the Fourth* (124). Here, care and propriety of composition are, in degree, neutralized by meanness of character and expression. The Cardinal's countenance is scarcely more marked than that of the Queen; while she looks as if only moved by some small sorrow of the moment, instead of the combined griefs of a royal personage and a mother. The Duke of York is better; and the procession of monks to the left is well managed.

With this we must take our leave, expressing once again regret that our artists should not have been more generally aware of the difference between a design for a fresco, to adorn a great national building, and an illustration for a new pictorial history of England, or an edition of the British Poets. Mortifying, indeed, are some of the flagrancies which have been committed: such as *Edward the Black Prince and John of France* (118)—two Kings of Brentford!—*entering London through Southwark*:—such as the *Execution of Lady Jane Grey* (129),—and the *Parting of Charles the First with the Duke of Hamilton* (139), a misnomer, it seems to us, for the parting of the Duke and Don Quixote; but these, again, are solid compositions, if measured against an Adam and Eve to which we could refer,—a Britannia Victrix, a "Bark of the prosperous," (which will not lead its designer on to Fortune), and a George by the side of a dead dragon, with a tail longer than O'Connell's. It has been reported within the last few days, that one or two additional prizes will be awarded,—"twenty" should be our cry, could we persuade ourselves that we were thereby purchasing time for our young artists to read, to think, to draw. But the greatest prize they can hold—self-knowledge —cometh not so much from government patronage, as from a spirit as humble as it is aspiring.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE understand that the Commissioners on the Fine Arts have selected ten additional Cartoons as worthy each of a reward (prize, we presume, it cannot be called) of 100*l.*, and that the artists are Messrs. Pickersgill, Corbould, Howard, R.A., W. C. Thomas, Stephanoff, Claxton, F. Howard, Rippingille, J. C. Waller, and Sir W. Ross, R.A.

We have of late heard somewhat about some talk about some idea about some *Monument to Mrs. Siddons*, which some well-intentioned people are about promising themselves the approaching pleasure of seeing shortly put into a course of being at no very distant epoch erected; and shall report progress, if their hopes should not turn out, as we fear, oversanguine and premature. The intended statue, or bas-relief, or tablet, will perhaps remain for ever a part of that extensive mosaic pavement said to decorate a certain place rather less sacro-sanct, and much more accessible, than Westminster Abbey. Meantime, we may advert to a slight memorial of the abovementioned remarkable woman, now set up at the National Gallery—her portrait, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Upon the score of art, it has little or no claim—not even what its companion-portrait, 'Kemble as Hamlet,' may assert. Its execution is the work of an artist whose pencil could then just manage to commit graceful slips all over the canvas, and to make its errors wear a look of wanderings after rectitude. Yet we like it better than its ambitious pendant, which attains the very acmé of *Della-Cruscan* poetic painting—attitude, expression, spirit, and whole conception, have a "lamp and orange-peel" savour quite repulsive: the taste it evinces is, indeed, still worse than theatrical—it is melo-dramatical. Far from giving the actor the air of a Danish Prince, it gives the Danish Prince the air of an actor, and should be called, not 'John Philip Kemble in the Character of Hamlet,' but Hamlet in the Character of John Philip Kemble! We grant the task most difficult to paint a histrionic portrait—because two characters must be depicted at once, that of the personator and that of the personated—because neither the individuality of the former, nor the ideality of the latter, must be sacrificed—because the theatrical profession must suggest itself, yet without theatrical stilt or extravagance. Reynolds, perhaps, failed least in this perilous walk of portraiture: his 'Siddons as the Tragic Muse' combines many grand beauties proper to both characters, but the figurative attendants are too much what Hamlet would call "damnable face-makers," the costume and other accessories preposterous. We have enlarged on this subject, for the purpose, if possible, of exploding false doctrines about it, which Lawrence's Kemble has contributed to propagate. His Siddons represents only the original herself, or only as one who *could* be a great actress: her eye is lustrous with intelligence, her complexion glows with it, she stands like a human and modern Minerva, her masculine features made beautiful by her noble thoughtfulness. Shakespeare's mighty volume reposes beside her, Otway's dramas lie near —both are unopened—but she places her finger on the page of 'Paradise Lost!' We suspect that the Empress Queen of histrionic land had a mind essentially *epic*—a taste more didactic than dramatic.

The Sculpture and Picture Galleries of the Louvre are again open to the public, after being closed for five months, by that thrifty arrangement which, during a portion of every year, compels the dead masters to give up their pedestals to living aspirants. The *Salle du Globe* has a new acquisition in three gilt statues, recently imported from China, and said to be remarkable specimens of the workmanship of the Celestial Empire.

Thorwaldsen has received a commission from the King of Denmark to execute three pediments for the castle at Copenhagen, and one for the Town Hall. He is also to prepare several statues, of which four, for the façade of the castle, are to be in bronze, representing Nemesis, Minerva, Esculapius, and Hercules. The sculptor's great work, 'The Procession to Golgotha,' is said to be far advanced.—M. Marochetti, the sculptor, to whom has been intrusted the Glasgow Wellington Memorial, has just terminated the group destined for the grand altar of the Madeleine. It is in white marble, and represents the apotheosis of Mary Magdalen.—M. Horace Vernet is charged, it is said, with the execution of a picture representing the capture of Abdel Kader's Smalah by the Duke d'Aumale, to be placed in the Algerian Gallery, at Versailles.—A Viennese painter, Josephine Götzel-Sepolina, has received the large gold medal for her picture in this year's Paris exhibition. The King of the French has also bought her portrait of Prince Milosch Obrenowitsch, to place in the hall "de mes contemporains" in Versailles.—A monument is about to be erected at Thorn to the memory of Copernicus, for which subscriptions have been raised all over the Continent.

The prospectus of a Handel Society is now before us; which sets forth that the publication of the complete works of the master is contemplated—that the number of members is to be limited to one thousand—that the subscription is to be one guinea annually,—that the loan of scores and MSS. is requested, and that the Council for the coming twelvemonth consists of Mr. Addison, *Treasurer*; Mr. W. S. Bennett, Sir H. R. Bishop, Dr. Crotch, Mr. Davison, Mr. Hopkins, Mr. Macfarren, Mr. Moscheles, Mr. Mudie, Mr. Rimbault, Sir George Smart, and Mr. H. Smart. The heterogeneousness of this list invites comment; but one or two omissions in the prospectus have greater interest for the general public. They would like to have some idea of the time which the issue of Handel's works may be expected to embrace; to know, in short, how much the year's guinea will produce. *We*, too, feel that the promises of careful editorship are vaguely worded. Are the oratorios, operas, &c. to be superintended by the Council in mass, or is each Professor to take his own work and be responsible for no more, as in *The Musical Antiquarian Society?* Some twelve months ago, when adverting to the former agitation of this project, we alluded to the fact, well known in the musical profession, that Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy had long been contemplating—we believe it may be added, preparing—such an edition; and we then threw out the suggestion, whether it might not be advisable for *The Handel Society* to enter into communication with this distinguished musician, thus assuring its members the certainty of skilful and uniform of superintendence.

The revival of Sacchini's 'Œdipe,' at the *Académie Royale* of Paris, seems to have shared the fate of all revivals—to have been received, that is, with a show of respect, but little enthusiasm. For this, public caprice or indisposition to believe in the musical "wisdom of its forefathers," is not wholly to blame. As was remarked on the occasion of the last performance of 'Gli Orazi' at our own Italian Opera, managers act on these occasions as if they wished to repel, rather than invite, the public (the Shakspearian revivals of Mr. Macready making honourable exception). Second-rate actors, shabby accessories, inefficient rehearsal—disadvantages to which no new work would be exposed—are laid upon the drama, to be borne in addition to its antiquity. Thus, in place of principal tenor, who, to give the work a fair chance, ought to have been M. Duprez, M. Massol, who has been for some eighteen years singing barytone parts, was thrust into the part of *Polynice!* We have not a very ar-

dent love for much that was once renowned as Opera: but by measures like this, the music of past times and fashions is denied even a chance of resuscitation. They manage matters better in Germany: *vide* the Berlin performances of Gluck's operas. There, too, M. Meyerbeer has been exercising his new functions as musical director, by superintending the revival of Dr. Spohr's 'Faust,' which has been admirably performed, though but coldly received. The *libretto* of this fine opera is so absurd, that it is a pity it should not be re-constructed in the composer's lifetime: the music will else be lost.

We have been, for the last five years, much amused with Rubini's farewells to the stage. His last, however, is the oddest, being none other than the establishment of an Italian Opera company at St. Petersburg, of which he is to be *primo tenore assoluto!* He had better, we think, have given the benefit of his presence and encouragement to his own land, where some stimulus seems much needed. A new opera, by Coppola, 'Il Folletto,' recently produced at Rome, and Donizetti's last, 'Maria di Rohan,' written for Vienna, are all that we have to announce; we are listening more anxiously still, for singers, not voices, of promise; but hitherto in vain.

The daily papers mention that the governors of the Welsh School, and the members of the Royal Cambrian Institution, have presented the valuable MSS. and printed books belonging to the two societies to the British Museum, for preservation and public advantage. One book is said to contain the musical notation of the Britons in the eleventh century.

Dr. Hahnemann, the founder of homœopathy, died in Paris on Sunday, the 2nd inst., aged 88. The *Commerce* says:—"Dr. Hahnemann was born in 1755, at Meissen, of poor parents, and owed his education to the great aptitude for learning he gave evidence of at the little school where he was first placed. He was received doctor in physic at Heidelberg in 1781, and discovered, in 1790, the new system, which he afterwards designated homœopathy. He continued until 1826 his experiments and researches on his new system, and then published the result of his labours, under the title of 'Matière Medicale Pure.' In 1829 he published his 'Theory of Chronic Diseases, and their Remedies,' of which he gave a second edition in 1840. To those works must be added his 'Organon de l'Art de Guérir,' which ran through five editions. He also published nearly 200 dissertations on different medical subjects.

The same papers record the death of one of the remarkable personages of the generation which has now all but passed away—remarkable for the evidence which she has furnished of the amount of superstition which has contrived to maintain itself amid the strong lights of the nineteenth century—and still more remarkable for the real influence which she may have had in calling up and directing many of the phantoms of an empire that arose and vanished before the eyes of a single age, like a thing made of shadows itself. The fame of Mdlle. Lenormand seems to have been fully established by her prediction of sovereignty to Napoleon; and since that oracle was given, all the great actors, male and female, of the swarming scenes which followed—and which it seems so like a dream to look back upon—and, after the Restoration, far more of our own country women than would choose openly to record the fact, are said to have passed through the temple of the French Pythoness. Mdlle. Lenormand has left, it is stated, a fortune of 500,000 francs, and has died at the age of seventy-two; having lingered, as it should seem, to wind up all the straggling portions of the great vision to which she more properly belonged. When the philosophical history of the French revolutions that have marked and moulded the first half of the nineteenth century shall come to be properly written, the name of Mdlle. Lenormand must have a place there.

It is mentioned, in letters from Athens, that the restoration of the Acropolis, under the direction of the Archæological Society, is daily bringing to light important remains of that venerable building; among the rest, two pieces belonging to the frieze of the north side of the temple, representing part of a festive procession.

The dismissal of the Göttingen professors has lately found a pendant—very appropriately—in Russia. The rector of the University of Dörpat has lately been dismissed, in consequence of which four or five professors of the same university have sent in their resignation. One of these, now at Berlin, has just published a circumstantial account of this affair in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. He demonstrates the injustice and arbitrariness of the proceeding, and openly declares that the dismissal in question was a mere act of vengeance on the part of the Minister of Public Instruction. The Russians, who are not in the habit of seeing the acts of their administration cited before the tribunal of public opinion in Germany, will undoubtedly present diplomatic notes on the excesses of the press in that country. This is the more certain, since the *Gazette* of Posen has lately published an article, which had passed the Censorship, on the pretensions of Russia respecting the policy of Germany, and on the necessity of repelling them with vigour.

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Will shortly Close.
The NEW SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS.—The NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN, at their GALLERY, 53, PALL MALL, next the British Institution, from 9 till Dusk, daily. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.
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THE CHINESE COLLECTION, Hyde Park-corner.—This UNIQUE COLLECTION consists of objects *exclusively Chinese*, and surpasses in extent and grandeur any similar display in the known world. The SPACIOUS SALOON is 225 feet in length, and is crowded with rare and interesting specimens of virtù. The Collection embraces upwards of SIXTY FIGURES AS LARGE AS LIFE, portraits from nature, appropriately attired in their native costume, from the MANDARIN of the highest rank to the wandering Mendicant; also MANY THOUSAND SPECIMENS in Natural History and Miscellaneous Curiosities, the whole illustrating the appearance, manners, customs, and social life of more than THREE HUNDRED MILLION CHINESE.—Open from 10 till 10.—Admittance 2s. 6d. Children under 12 years, 1s.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—*July* 4.—R. W. Barchard, Esq., in the chair. Capt. Du Cane, R.N., T. T. Hodges, Esq., and M. Salvin, Esq., were elected Fellows. There were exhibited from D. D. Alves, Esq., two specimens of sugar canes, showing the effect of the application of farm-yard manure and crushed bones to the land in which they were growing. It is now being found out by planters that some kind of manure is necessary to the sugar cane, and experiments are being made on the relative benefits of the different sorts in use. From Messrs. Elkington there were some specimens of leaves, covered with copper by the electrotype process, showing that the natural leaves of plants may now be plated over with silver or other metals for personal ornament, or for house decoration. C. R. Warner, Esq. sent a basket made of strong iron wire, and coated over with copper by the same process. It is considered preferable, in point of appearance, to that covered with zinc, in a similar manner, which was presented at the last meeting. The exhibition of plants was not extensive, most of the suburban growers probably reserving their specimens for the Chiswick *fête*.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Since our former report the following papers have been read:—On the *Geotrupidæ* and *Trogidæ*, by the Secretary. Monograph on the Dipterous genus *Ceria*, by Mr. Saunders. Observations on the habits of some Indian species of *Mutillæ*, by Capt. Boys. Description of the portable nests formed by the larvæ of the Brazilian genus *Chlamys*, by Mr. Westwood. On the genera *Trigonophorus* and *Rhomborhina*, by Mr. Westwood.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.
On FRIDAY EVENING, July 21, 1843, will be performed Spohr's Oratorio, THE FALL of BABYLON; to be conducted by the Composer. Principal Vocal Performers, Miss Birch, Miss Rainforth, Miss Dolby, Mr. Young, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Shoubridge, Mr. Giubilei, J. A. Novello, and Herr Staudigl. The Band and Chorus will consist of above Five Hundred Performers. Tickets, 3s. each; Reserved seats, 5s., may be had of the principal Music-sellers, of Mr. Mitchell, 30, Charing-Cross, and of Mr. Ries, 102, Strand, opposite Exeter Hall, and at 193 Exeter Hall.
T. BREWER, Hon. Sec.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.
The first, and the only Public Performance (in England) of HERR ERNST, the celebrated Violinist. A GRAND MORNING CONCERT, under the immediate patronage of HIS MAJESTY the KING of HANOVER, in aid of the funds of the GERMAN HOSPITAL, now establishing in this Metropolis, will take place at the above rooms on TUESDAY NEXT, July 18th, at 2 o'clock. Herr Ernst, Concert Master to his Majesty the King of Hanover, did not intend paying a professional visit to this country in the present season, but in consideration of the benevolent object, he has kindly consented to appear in public on this particular occasion. The following Eminent Artists have also most willingly offered their gratuitous assistance: Miss Clara Novello, Miss Sabilla Novello, Madame Dulcken, Madame Balfe, Miss Birch, and Miss Dolby; Mr. Moscheles, Mr. Benedict, Herr Staudigl, Sig. Puzzi, Mr. Bonen, M. Levasseur (from Paris), Mr. Balfe, Mr. T. Parry, Sig. Brizzi, and M. Tolbecque. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats 15s.; to be had at all Music-sellers, and at the doors on the day of the Concert.

On MONDAY, July 17, M. Sivori, Herr Staudigl, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Mesdiles Clara Novello, S. Novello, Rainforth, and Birch, Messrs. Manvers, Stretton, Guibilei, Harley, and Cooper, will perform at Mr. BENEDICT'S CONCERT, THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN; when will be presented a scene from Meyerbeer's Opera, ROBERT LE DIABLE, in which Miss Clara Novello and Herr Staudigl will appear. CINDERELLA, compressed into one act; the part of *Cinderella* by Mrs. Alfred Shaw; *Dandini*, Mr. Stretton; *Pompolino*, Mr. Giubilei. NORMA in one act; *Norma*, by Miss Clara Novello; *Adalgisa*, Miss Rainforth; *Pollio*, Mr. Manvers; *Oroveso*, Herr Staudigl. The Farce, DEAF AS A POST; *Tristram Sappy*, Mr. Harley; *Capt. Templeton*, Mr. Cooper; *Sally Maggs*, Mrs. C. Jones, &c. &c. A CONCERT, in which M. Sivori will perform his Grand Concerto, and also a Duett for Pianoforte and Violin, with Mr. Benedict. Principal Vocalists in the Concert, Miss Novello, Miss Birch, Miss Sabilla Novello, and Miss Rainforth; Mr. Stretton and Herr Staudigl. Applications for Boxes and Tickets to be made to Mr. Whitlow, at the Box-Office, Hart-street, the principal Music-sellers, and Royal Libraries. Doors open Quarter past Six, Performance commence Quarter to Seven.

DR. SPOHR'S CONCERT.—*The Fall of Babylon.*—The artists of London deserve credit for gratuitously co-operating to produce the great work of a great composer. We are sorry that the sympathy of the general public must be rated lower, to judge by the "beggarly account of empty" benches witnessed yesterday week. By every rule of legitimate attraction 'The Fall of Babylon' (hitherto unheard in London) should have commanded a crowded and respectful audience. But the work is, in merit, as in date, the *third* of Dr. Spohr's oratorios. Six years ago (*Athen.* No. 492) we ventured to rate 'The Crucifixion' as inferior to 'The Last Judgment,' and our estimate has since been ratified by the musicians of Europe, who have allowed that oratorio to be quietly laid aside. The present work is not equal to its predecessor. It is throughout disappointing. The subject is one of dramatic effect, rather than of spiritual elevation. Nevertheless, that sacred description need not degenerate into scene-painting, we have abundant examples. The display of the miraculous judgments by Handel in his 'Israel' and 'Joshua,' is as highly-toned as the mystical sorrow of his 'Messiah.' Miriam's hymn of thanksgiving and deliverance is as lofty in its jubilation as the calmer 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' David's lament for Jonathan as devoid of meretricious excitement as that deepest breathing of woe and reverence ever uttered in music, 'He was despised.' The dignity essential to sacred composition has been lost sight of by Dr. Spohr. His Persians move in measures which recall the tinsel symbols of a stage pageant; his daughters of Zion suggest the timbrels and the dances of the Pagan *ballet*, in every note of their upspringing hope and cheerfulness. The stupendous vision of the handwriting on the wall has elicited nothing beyond such *blue-fire* music as befits the cloister scene in 'Robert le Diable,' but which is painfully startling when employed in illustration of holy writ. In short, for German music the work is more secular than (for Italian) the graver parts of Rossini's '*Mosè*,' or the most mundane passages of his 'Stabat,' against which the idolaters of Spohr have railed by the hour. Let us specify a little more precisely—beginning with the Overture. Here, after a few impressive bars of introduction, the band breaks out into a regular march: not one of those pompous marches, such as Handel designed; *vide* 'Saul' and the overture to 'Alcides,' to seek no further; still less in grandeur comparable to the marches of Gluck,—but a downright fife-and-drum procession tune. And this seems a favourite *motivo* with the composer, since it is repeated again and again in different forms. The chorus of Persian soldiers is little graver than a *Liedertafel* tune, and far less hearty. It follows a melodious duett between a Jewish man and woman: but this is not distinguishable, by one extra breath of seriousness, from the $\frac{6}{8}$ movement in the duett from 'Zemira and Azor,' 'O lovely maiden, stay!' The chorus of Jews,

Lord, before thy footstool bending,

is less operatic, and is beautifully sweet; graceful, too, is the subsequent *terzetto*, as far as the deficiency on the part of tenor and the incapacity of the bass

employed, permitted us to make out the vocal design. On the *striking up* of the song of the Israelitish woman immediately succeeding this *terzetto*, a friend was startled into the exclamation, "The *Tyrolienne* of *Guillaume Tell*:" the phrase *is* there, and the peculiar rhythm not to be mistaken, though "rhymed and twirled" a little. We will go no further, having cited specimens enough for illustration. Far more agreeable is it to point, as a fine and spirited movement, to the chorus 'The lion roused'; as a pleasant cradle tune, to the Jewish mother's song over her babe, 'Dear child of bondage'; and to the rich and ample chorus in the second act, 'Lord, thine arm hath been uplifted,' where Dr. Spohr's felicity in eliciting a noble and melodious body of tone from the full orchestra, is excellently developed. Generally speaking, too, the work seems to us more easily written, the songs, as a whole, less buried in a surfeiting richness of accompaniment, the primal phrases less pertinaciously clung to than others by the same hand. And it must not be forgotten, that the oratorio was heard under the disadvantage of very insufficient rehearsal. In Germany, the master would not have committed himself to a new work on such a slight preparation. All who took part were attentive in no common degree; but though correctness may be thus strained out, how different is this from the ripe and solid execution of those who are too familiar to be at a loss, too well practised to fail!

Benefit Concerts.—We must be content simply to announce, as having taken place, the concerts of *Mrs. Aveling Smith and Mr. J. Haigh*, *Signor Emiliani*, *Miss Dinah Farmer*, and of *Herr Bosen*, a young and promising violinist. A line, too, will sufficiently record the extra Philharmonic Concert, given on Monday evening in presence of Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Albert; since it contained no novelty calling for mention, save a violin concerto by Dr. Spohr, who conducted the entire concert, with the exception of an overture and chorus of Mendelssohn intrusted to Mr. Lucas. But we must give "ampler room" to the third concert of *Signor Camillo Sivori*, held on Wednesday evening, which excited the audience to an enthusiasm as lively as if it had been the first, not the last, of the season. At this he performed a Concerto of his own;—Paganini's *Preghiera* from Mosè on the fourth string—and 'Nel cor più' with variations, and De Beriot's 'Andante et Rondo Russe,'—the last one of the most fascinating concert pieces in the violinist's repertory. To hear Signor Sivori in the compositions of Paganini, is curiously like calling up the Arch-Sorcerer himself. If our visitor have not that utmost command, and certainty, and fancy, which only belong to an originator, he is assuredly less affected than his prototype. Never was a performer better calculated to win his way by simplicity of demeanour. He plays, too, the music of De Beriot charmingly: perhaps not with the rich lustre of tone and the piquant and steady measurement of time, which distinguish that most perfect of executive artists—but with an ease, an expressiveness, and a feeling for beauty and contrast, which amount to an Italian reading of French music, and which are as interesting as they are admirable. We are, indeed, inclined to believe that Signor Sivori has no peer among contemporary violinists—but this opinion must remain in abeyance till we have heard Signor Ernst, who will give us an opportunity, and but one, of drawing a comparison, by performing gratuitously at a charitable concert, to be held on Tuesday, for the benefit of the German Hospital in London. We may further add, that the *programme* promises well—containing the names of Miss Novello, Herr Staudigl, M. Levassor, Mr. John Parry, Mr. Moscheles, Madame Dulcken, and others. Being thus led involuntarily into gossip, we may as well here advert to the *Matinée* to be given this morning for the benefit of M. le Comte D'Orsay's French charity:—and call the attention of the indifferent public to the fact that Dr. Spohr's 'Fall of Babylon' will be performed by the *Sacred Harmonic Society* on Friday evening next, under the direction of the composer.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—June 26.—A paper was read on the anatomy and physiology of the date tree, by M. Gaudichand.—M. Arago communicated a paper by M. Poggiale, on the solubility of salts in water. He then read a second letter from M. Leymerie, on his researches as to the existence of Quicksilver mines in the Aveyron. M. Leymerie draws from the geological facts which he states inferences favourable to the opinion which he has expressed on this subject.—A communication was received from MM. Choiselat and Ratel, on the means of improving the Daguerréotype process. They are of opinion that the impressions would be more perfect, but for an excess of free iodine on the plates, and recommend that, in order to prevent this, the iodine should be laid on in a place sufficiently luminous for the purpose.—M. Arago read a letter from M. Melloni, on an improvement of the lenses of lighthouses. He states that by his system, on the Neapolitan coast, he has given, with a third of the former expense, from 16 to 25 times the former amount of light.—*July* 3.—M. Becquerel read a paper on the application, by means of electricity, of the oxides of metals upon metals. By his process he obtains oxides which had never before been formed by the ordinary process of chemistry, and all oxidable metals may be covered with a coating of oxide, such as the peroxides of iron or lead, which have great adhesiveness, and form as it were one body with the metals to which they are applied. Hitherto metals have been laid upon other metals to preserve them from oxidation, and the influence of external agents. By the process of M. Becquerel, he applies the excessively cohesive particles of the oxide, which renders the metals unchangeable on their surface, to which they impart a beautiful colour, in many cases preferable to that of the metals themselves. The process is one of great simplicity, for all that is necessary is to plunge the metal in an alkaline solution of an oxide, in giving to it the positive pole of an electrical pair with a permanent current.—M. Bory de Saint-Vincent made a report of the researches of a scientific commission in Algeria, and gave a most attractive account of the natural wealth of the soil.—Dr. Auzoux, whose anatomical models have deservedly attracted so much notice, presented to the Academy some new models in comparative anatomy, of extraordinary perfection. Amongst them is the model of a cockchafer, which, although only twelve times larger than nature, consists of six hundred parts, each marked with its number, and so contrived as to be connected or separated with great facility.—A paper by M. Munck, on a discovery made in the Royal Library of Paris, was next read. It will be remembered by our astronomical readers that, a few years ago, M. Sedillot published a passage from a work of Aboul-Vefa, to show that the discovery of the third lunar inequality, called the *variation*, was not due to Tycho-Brahe. The learned in astronomy, whose belief was attacked by this discovery, contested the authenticity of the authority, which they declared was an ulterior interpolation. M. Munck has just found, in a work on astronomy, written in Hebrew, in 1310, by a Jew of Toledo, named Isaac Israëli, a passage in which the third lunar inequality is mentioned, and the discovery of it attributed to Ptolemy. This communication led to some observations by M. Sedillot, who showed that, whilst M. Munck's discovery proves the authenticity of the passage of Aboul-Vefa, it does not deprive this Arabian author of the honour of having measured the *variation*, the existence of which had been merely ascertained by Ptolemy.

Progress of Lotteries.—"*Stuffed Birds of Paradise, a Beautiful Living Poney* [warranted sound], *three Lap Dogs, two Speaking Parrots, and Cockatoo*, a rare living Monkey, a beautiful Glass Cage, with a foreign bird, &c. Tickets only 2*s.* 6*d.*, or nine for 1*l.* To be drawn upon the plan of the Royal Irish Art-Union."

Royal Polytechnic Art-Union (*the Polypicnic*).—We learn from a paragraph in the daily papers, that the grand distribution of prizes took place on Saturday last. It appears that "the subscriptions amounted to 1,160*l.* 6*s.* 9*d.*, and the expenditure to 1,150*l.* 3*s.*," which included 250*l.* distributed at that meeting in prizes! So much for this "Royal" project for the encouragement of "artists, men of science and ingenuity." As to the promises of the prospectus, prizes "from 10*l.* to 200*l.*, and *upwards*," we leave the reader to his own conclusions, seeing that 250*l.* was the whole amount distributed in prizes.

To Correspondents.—R. M.—Two "Constant Readers"—J. D. T.—D.—An Admirer of Art—received.—We will attend to Messrs. Orr's letter next week.

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